

Week ending January 5 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

"HORNBLOWER THE GAMBLER"

Fiction's famous hero in a new story...by C. S. Forester

My seventeen months as Stalin's prisoner

Remarkable revelations in full...by Robert Vogeler



She pretended they couldn't come!



**Coming out
of the cinema**

MRS. METCALFE: "Look—why not come on home with us now?"

MRS. STREET: "Well, we'd love to come round... but I'm afraid tonight we just can't."



**In the bus—
on the way home**

MR. STREET: "I'm glad you got out of that, dear!"

MRS. STREET: "Shh... The Metcalfe's are sitting just behind us!"



**A few evenings later
—on the way
to the Metcalfe's**

MR. STREET: "Surely you could have thought of some excuse to put them off!"

MRS. STREET: "Never mind—we needn't stay long!"



But at midnight: "It's been an absolutely wonderful evening..."
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W8 **JANUARY**

*'Ring out the Old
Ring in the New'*

Snow falls and snowdrops.
Ponds freeze and become unbearable.

DANGER Water pipes, which should have been lagged in the Autumn, burst open. So also do crocuses.

Resolutions break—ah well

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL—

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Coming or going?

MR. ANTHONY EDEN has told the Canadians that it would be a good thing if more emigrants went from Great Britain to their fine country.

In talking to Canadians, the Foreign Secretary was no doubt thinking primarily of Canada, where there is a great need, and great opportunities, for immigrants of the right type.

But his words are puzzling when they are read in the same week—almost in the same paragraph—as the news that fresh efforts are being made to import Italians and other foreign workers into Britain. Such pronouncements only add to the confused thinking about a problem which concerns us all.

Does this country want more people or does it want to get rid of some? Should we aim at the largest possible population, relying on our ability, through enormous industrial production, to buy enough food from overseas to feed them all? Or would it be better if we tried to reduce our numbers to the much smaller population which our own farms could feed?

At the moment, we do none of these things. We put the problem on one side and just drift along. We have too many mouths to feed but not enough hands to work.

BEYOND the oceans, the Dominions have already made up their minds. They want more people: more workers, more technicians, more potential manpower for defence. And because they know what they want, they can be choosy about whom they take.

Migration has entirely changed its character. During the nineteenth century, it was a great, spontaneous, uncontrolled overflow from crowded Europe into the open spaces of the undeveloped continents. Anybody with the courage to cut his roots and start afresh in a strange country could go where he wished.

Today the picture is quite different. The open spaces, though still under-populated, have become highly organized communities whose economies would be wrecked by wholesale and indiscriminate immigration.

So the immigrants are sifted and

graded; quotas limit their numbers; questionnaires check on their suitability; strict regulations govern what they must bring with them in money and skill. Only the best are good enough.

THAT is the background against which Britain's population problem has to be studied. If we leave the problem lying around unsolved, we shall see casual emigration drain off from this country just those vigorous, capable and skilled people we need most at home to help in the struggle for economic survival.

It will worsen the strain caused by the increasing proportion of old people. We shall be exporting just those hands that are most able to feed our extra mouths.

So Mr. Eden's remarks are not very well considered. They suggest that there is still confusion and lack of policy in the Government; that there has still been no decision whether Britain shall gamble on being able to maintain at least fifty million people artificially by export trading in a fiercely competitive world, or whether, instead, she shall encourage an outward flow of her population and so become more self-supporting.

If we choose to be a smaller nation, the process of redistributing some of our people over the Dominions will be slow and, of course, voluntary; but it will have to go according to a plan.

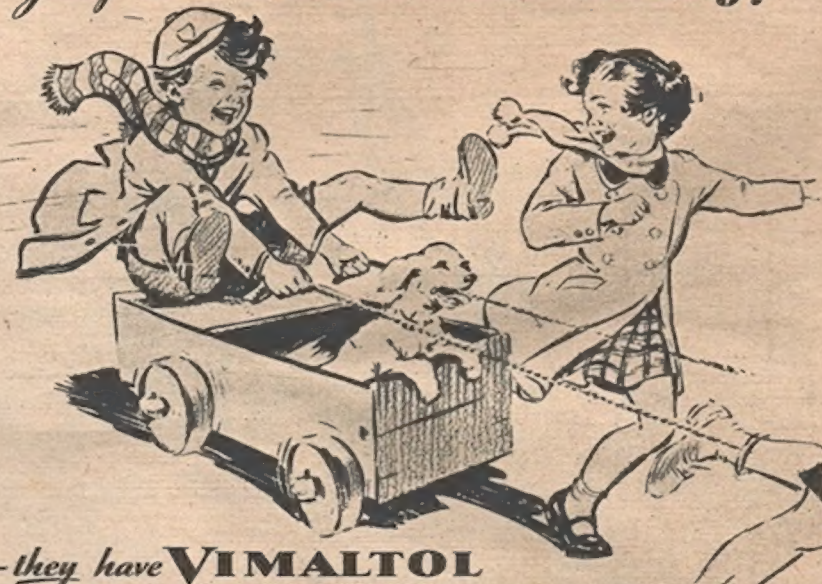
It will be no use just letting the energetic young people sail away to try their luck overseas. We shall have to send whole communities, complete with their old people and their industries. It will mean detailed agreement with the receiving countries, and vast expenditure.

If we choose the other way—that we shall all stick it out in this island, come what may—then Britain will have to impose restrictions on emigration.

She will have to say: "You cannot go abroad if you are doing an essential job here—at least, not unless you take your grandfather and grandmother with you."

These ideas may seem startling today. But every year brings nearer the time when we must face them.

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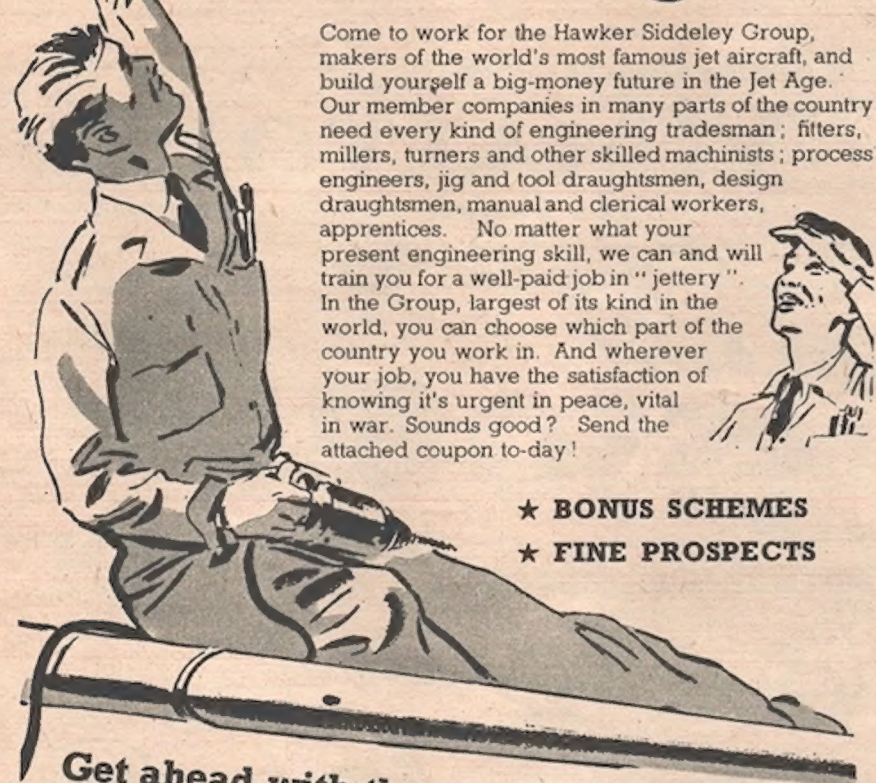
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FREE SPEECH

Borderline of duty and interference

HOW CAN WE DECIDE where interference ends and duty begins? I know of three children, aged seven to eleven, who are woefully neglected in all the ways which to me are most harmful. Yet they are not cruelly treated. They love their mother and, in her selfish way, she loves them.

Is it my duty to draw the attention of the welfare officer to the case, involving myself in some unpleasantness, or should I leave it alone and worry only about my own children? — Mrs. V. L., London, S.W.

Cheerful Hospital

RECENTLY I WENT TO HOSPITAL with a large wooden splinter embedded in my finger. X-rays were taken, injections given, a minor operation performed and further injections given every day for six days until I was discharged. All this service was given cheerfully and efficiently by doctors and nurses with barely time to take their meals. Where is all this lack of interest we hear so much about? — JACK D. EVANS, Kina, Chawn Hill, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Celestial Voice

MY SIX-YEAR-OLD SON is taken to school by an older child. They have to cross a busy road and I asked him how they knew when it was safe to



cross. Imagine my surprise when he told me: "God's voice says, 'Cross now, children.'" I thought it worth investigating and found that the miracle is performed by a policeman in a radio car, detailed to this crossing. — Mrs. J. H. BARTHOLOMEW, 12 Highfield Close, Romford, Essex.

Ten Shillings Came Back

LETTERS such as "Here's Generosity For You" ("Free Speech," December 15) restore our faith in our fellow men. Here is another true incident. My sister, an attendant at a confectionary stall in a local market, was approached by a woman who said: "Excuse me, but I bought some sweets from you six months ago and found this ten shilling note in the paper bag. I have been away since and only returned last weekend." — W. K., Stockport.

Ladder-man's Mate

THE HOUSEWIFE who wrote complaining of the time wasted by youths standing at the foot of ladders ("Free Speech," December 15) must remember that the youth is not only steadying the ladder but is guarding it against people walking into it—a blind person, perhaps, or a window-gazing housewife. Also, in our trade, we save

time by "jumping" a ladder instead of coming down, and the youth is needed to move it into a fresh position.—PAINTER, Blackpool.

. . . A van driver backed into my ladder and I was left hanging from a window sill. A youth at the foot of the ladder would have prevented this. The fifty-six pound weights I was using did nothing. — FRANK KIRK, 16 King Edward Street, Sleaford, Lincs.

. . . Safety devices are available. Special spikes, rubber suction cups and other anti-slip devices may be bought. A simple but effective way of preventing slipping is to have the base of the ladder resting on a sack of sand. So many accidents happen on ladders that the law requires some means of preventing slipping.—ONE OF H.M. FACTORY INSPECTORS.

Problem Pupils

IN THE CLASS I TEACH is an extremely backward nine-year-old. Examined by experts, he was found to be incapable of being taught and his parents were recommended to put him into a special school. They were told exactly how such a school could help their child but they refused, although a place was waiting for him. This, I know, is not an isolated case. Such children are a tremendous problem in large classes in ordinary schools, but I am told that no action can be taken against the parents' wishes. It seems that parents are able to defeat the whole purpose for which the special schools have been established.—TEACHER, Essex.

Dog-hair Cushion

WE have a cushion entirely filled with hair taken from our Keeshond dog. After brushing the dog each day, we wash and dry the wool and in eighteen months we have collected enough for a cushion. — MARGARET MILLYARD, 30 Aberdeen Street, Preston, Lancs.



A Keeshond dog

Unfair To Home Life

FILMS WHICH SHOW a happy home life are all too rare. Teenagers are more often shown sharing an elaborate apartment with a girl friend. Mothers, if shown, are usually tired and drab or fat and bossy; fathers are hen-pecked. Most homes are not like that, and modern parents are the pals of their grown-up children. Films give an out-of-date impression.—Mrs. C., Nottingham.

"Ghost" Letters

ONE FREQUENTLY HEARS of letters being delivered many years after they were posted. I have just read of one that took forty-four years to do a journey of a few miles. Is there any explanation of how a letter can be mislaid in this way? —WALTER H. FORD, 2 Cotswold Crest, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

No. Letters which cannot be delivered go to the Return Letter Branch of the Post Office, where they are opened and, if possible, returned to the sender. Otherwise, they are destroyed. How letters reappear after many years is a mystery. It is possible that some were not posted originally but left lying about in somebody's house and subsequently posted by a child or a practical joker.

Parent-Teacher Talks

SURELY, THE PARENT who wrote that Teachers undermine parents' authority over their children ("Free Speech," December 15) is misjudging them. Most teachers are only too pleased to uphold and increase the authority of parents. In our district we have a Parent-Teacher Association where matters concerning the welfare of the child can be discussed and parents and teachers can learn

THIS WEEK'S COVER



MOTHER'S best curtains, father's pyjamas, lampshades, tea-cosies . . . nothing's sacred in the house when the children start playing that old favourite party game of dressing up. "One of my daughters is particularly unscrupulous," says cover artist Douglas L. Mays. "She will rip up any piece of material if it suits her purpose. But I find that most grown-ups like pretending just as much. I know of a suburban father who walks around at weekends with a hunting crop."

to understand each other's points of view.—TEACHER, Kingston, Surrey.

. . . It is not possible to draw a hard and fast line between home and school. Although I have not always felt that rules made at school are necessary in relation to my own two children, I realize that the headmistress has the responsibility of several hundred children and the rule will probably be for the good of some of them.—MOTHER, Kent.

. . . The trouble lies with parents who are unable or unwilling to realize that some of their control over their offspring must, of necessity, be handed over to the teacher.—PARENT, London, W.I.

Dangerous Amateurs

CHATTING TO A FRIEND while she was ironing, I was appalled to see a blue spark coming from the electric iron, which emitted a steady buzz. When I suggested that it might be dangerous, she just laughed. Later I spoke to our local electrical dealer, who told me that every day he gets unsafe and dilapidated apparatus for repair. He often warns customers, but they take little notice; and if he refuses to repair any article they merely take it elsewhere. He also told me of some of the contraptions rigged up by amateur electricians, especially in bathrooms.—MRS. J. K., Lancs.

Waiting-room Whispers

EVERY TIME I GO INTO a doctor's waiting-room, I notice that nobody is speaking in a natural tone of voice. Everyone whispers. If someone does happen to speak a little more loudly, all eyes turn to him with a shocked look. Why cannot we be ourselves while waiting to see the doctor?—MRS. K. MOORE, 2 Newton Square, Burley Road, Leeds.

Stupidity On The Road

DRIVING MY VAN, I was about to pass a horse and cart when it turned suddenly to the right without warning. The driver was walking on the left of the horse and had not looked round. A little farther on, a small boy walked backwards into the road.—R. J. MASEY, 73 Leigh Gardens, London, N.W.10.

Vulture Puzzle

I COMMANDED A VETERINARY hospital at Meerut, in India, and I noticed that whenever a death occurred at the hospital hundreds of vultures would circle high in the sky, awaiting the removal of the carcass to a distant jungle spot, where, joined by the village dogs, they would tear it to pieces in a very short time. What always puzzled me was how these birds of prey were on the spot so quickly, even when the animal had died under cover.—CAPTAIN A. O'NEILL, M.R.C.V.S., Bray, Co. Wicklow, Eire.

More Than The Bricks

ONE OF THE BEST ways to cut the cost of houses would be to slash the development charge, which, in my opinion, is outrageous. I am a builder by trade, and in my spare time had intended to build a small cottage for myself and my family. After acquiring

the site and receiving permission to build, I had a setback when I was told that I would have to pay £150 development charge. [Development charges are fixed by the Central Land Board under the 1947 Town and Country Planning Act.] The charge was more than the bricks to build the cottage would cost.—PETER FINDLAY, Demaine, Burdiehouse, Edinburgh.

Catering For Children

FEW CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS seem to cater for children. When I took my small son into a restaurant for lunch, I was greeted, as soon as I sat down, with, "We don't serve small portions, you know." I asked if my child could have a small portion if I paid the full cost of the meal, but even this was refused. Faced with far more food than he could possibly eat, the boy ate much less than normally.—MRS. K. M. NEWTON, 17 Waverley Road, Elland, Yorks.

No Fun For The Tadpole

WATCHING A SHOP-WINDOW aquarium in which were goldfish and tiny tadpoles, I was interested to see goldfish several times suddenly turn aside and gobble a tadpole. In about three seconds the tadpole was, in each case,



expelled, and swam on as if nothing had happened. Do they do this for fun? And is this why a salmon is hooked at a time when we know they eat nothing?—G. GORDON NICOL, 88 Desswood Place, Aberdeen.

No. The salmon is so used to snapping at food during the feeding season that the habit remains with it during the fasting season. Hence it snaps at the hook. The goldfish snaps at the tadpole to feed, but the tadpole is covered with a distasteful slime, which causes the goldfish to eject it without apparent injury.

Courage That Does Good

AS A VICTIM OF POLIOMYELITIS and its after-effects, I have just been fortunate enough to spend a fortnight at the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship's hotel at Worthing, in Sussex. There I met twelve of the 9,000 members of the fellowship, and their marvellous spirit and courage showed how much good could be done if this work could be extended.—EDWARD BROOKS, 7 Lady-smith Avenue, Seven Kings, Essex.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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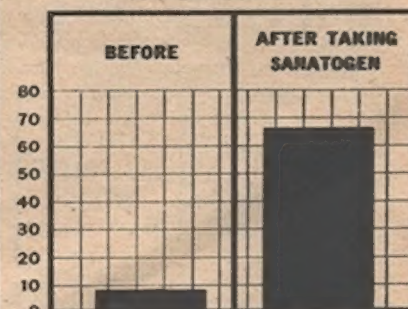
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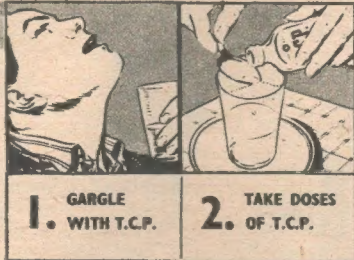
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The girl seemed in a hurry for Hornblower to don his coat and leave. "Here," she said, holding it out to him, "put it on and out with you, sir"

IN THIS NEW TWO-PART STORY, FICTION'S FAMOUS HERO BECOMES . . .

Hornblower the gambler

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

IT WAS A COLD WINTER'S DAY in Portsmouth; a black frost, and there was a penetrating east wind blowing down the street as Lieutenant Bush came out of the dockyard gates. He turned up the collar of his pea-jacket over his muffler and crammed his hands into his pockets, and he bowed his head into the wind as he strode forward into it, his eyes watering, his nose running, while that east wind seemed to find its way between his ribs, making the scars that covered them ache anew.

He would not allow himself to look up at the Keppel's Head as he went past it. In there, he

knew, there would be warmth and good company. The fortunate officers with prize money to spend; the incredibly fortunate officers who had found themselves appointments in the peacetime Navy—they would be in there yarning and taking wine with each other. He could not afford wine. He thought longingly for a moment about a tankard of beer, but he rejected the idea immediately, although the temptation was strong. He had a month's half-pay in his pocket—he was on his way back from the Clerk of the Cheque from whom he had drawn it—but that had to last four and a half weeks.

He had tried, of course, for a billet in the

merchant service as mate, but that was as hopeless a prospect at present as obtaining an appointment as lieutenant. Having spent all his adult life in the Navy, he did not know enough about bills of lading or cargo stowage. The merchant service looked on the Navy with genial contempt and said the latter always had a hundred men available to do a job the merchantman had to do with six. And with every ship that was paid off, a fresh batch of master's mates, trained for the merchant service and pressed from it, sought jobs in their old profession, heightening the competition every month.

Someone came out from a side street just in

Hornblower, victor of the Indies, was home! But Bush was shocked. This was a new Hornblower, reduced to taking money from a girl, and gambling to keep himself alive

front of him and turned into the wind ahead of him—a naval officer. That gangling walk; those shoulders bent into the wind; he could not help but recognize Hornblower.

"Sir! Sir!" he called, and Hornblower turned.

There was a momentary irritation in his expression, but it vanished the moment he recognized Bush.

"It's good to see you," he said, his hand held out.

"Good to see you, sir," said Bush.

"Don't call me sir," said Hornblower.

"No, sir? What—why—?"

"I'm not a commander," said Hornblower.

"They didn't confirm my appointment."

"Good God!"

Hornblower's face was unnaturally white—Bush was accustomed to seeing it deeply tanned—and his cheeks were hollow, but his expression was set in the old unrevealing cast that Bush remembered so well.

"Preliminaries of peace were signed the day I took *Retribution* into Plymouth."

"What infernal luck!" said Bush.

Lieutenants waited all their lives for the fortunate combination of circumstances that might bring them promotion, and most of them waited in vain. It was more than likely that now Hornblower would wait in vain for the rest of his life.

"Have you applied for an appointment as lieutenant?" asked Bush.

"Yes. And I suppose you have?" replied Hornblower.

"Yes."

There was no need to say more than that on that subject. The peacetime Navy employed one tenth of the lieutenants who were employed in wartime; to receive an appointment one had to be of vast seniority or else have powerful friends.

"I spent a month in London," said Hornblower. "There was always a crowd round the Admiralty and the Navy Office."

"I expect so," said Bush. The wind came shrieking round the corner. "God, but it's cold!" he said. His mind toyed with the thought of various ways to continue the conversation in shelter. If they went to the Keppel's Head now it would mean paying for two pints of beer, and Hornblower would have to pay for the same.

"I'm going into the Long Rooms just here," said Hornblower. He was wearing no greatcoat and Bush could see that he was shivering. "Come in with me—or are you busy?"

"No, I'm not busy," said Bush doubtfully, "but—"

"Oh, it's all right," said Hornblower. "Come on."

THERE WAS reassurance in the confident way in which Hornblower spoke about the Long Rooms. Bush only knew of them by reputation. They were frequented by officers of the Navy and the Army with money to spare. Bush had heard much about the high stakes that were indulged in at play there, and about the elegance of the refreshments offered by the proprietor. If Hornblower could speak thus casually about the Long Rooms he could not be as desperately hard up as he seemed to be.

They crossed the street and Hornblower held open the door and ushered him through. It was a long oak-panelled room; the gloom of the outer day was made cheerful here by the light of candles, and a magnificent fire flamed on the hearth. In the centre several card tables with chairs round them stood ready for play; the ends of the room were furnished as comfortable

lounges. A servant in a green baize apron was making the room tidy, and came to take their hats and Bush's coat as they entered.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"Good morning, Jenkins," said Hornblower.

He walked with unconcealed haste over to the fire and stood before it, warming himself. Bush saw that his teeth were chattering.

"A bad day to be out without your pea-jacket," he said.

"Yes," said Hornblower. He clipped that affirmative a little short, so that in a minute degree it failed to be an indifferent, flat agreement.

At that moment an inner door beside them opened and a short, plump, but exceedingly elegant gentleman came in; he was dressed in the height of fashion, save that he wore his hair long, tied back and with powder in the style of the last generation. This made his age hard to guess. He looked at the pair of them with keen, dark eyes.

"Good morning, Marquis," said Hornblower.

"It is a pleasure to present—M. le Marquis de Sainte-Croix; Lieutenant Bush."

The Marquis bowed gracefully, and Bush endeavoured to imitate him. But for all that graceful bow, Bush was quite aware of the considering eyes running over him. He guessed that the Marquis was making a mental estimate as to how much he might be good for at the card tables.

"A bitter wind," said the Marquis.

"Yes," said Bush.

"It will be rough in the Channel."

"Indeed it will," agreed Bush.

The Marquis spoke excellent English. He turned to Hornblower. "The times are prosperous for Truelove and Wilson."

Truelove and Wilson were names familiar to Bush; they were the most famous prize agents in England—a quarter of the Navy at least employed that firm to dispose of their captures for them.

The Marquis turned back to Bush. "I hope you have been fortunate in the matter of prize money, Mr. Bush?" he said.

"No such luck," said Bush. His hundred pounds had gone in a two days' debauch at Kingston.

"The sums they handle are fabulous, nothing less than fabulous. I understand the ship's company of the *Caradoc* will share seventy thousand pounds when they come in."

"Very likely," said Bush. He had heard of the captures the *Caradoc* had made in the Bay of Biscay.

"I trust you will consider yourself at home here, Mr. Bush," said the Marquis. "Now I hope you will pardon me, as I have much business to attend to."

He withdrew through the curtained door, leaving Bush and Hornblower looking at each other.

"A queer customer," said Bush.

"Not so queer when you come to know him," said Hornblower.

The fire had warmed him by now, and there was a little colour in his cheeks.

"What do you do here?" asked Bush, curiosity finally overcoming his politeness.

"I play whist," said Hornblower.

"Whist?" All that Bush knew about whist was that it was a slow game favoured by intellectuals. When Bush gambled he preferred something with a greater element of chance and which did not make any demand on his thoughts.

"A good many men from the Services drop in

here for whist," said Hornblower. "I'm always glad to make a fourth."

"But I'd heard—" Bush had heard of all sorts of other games being played in the Long Rooms: hazard, vingt-et-un, even roulette.

"The games for high stakes are played in there," said Hornblower, pointing to the curtained door. "I stay here."

"Wise man," said Bush. But he was quite sure there was some further information that was being withheld from him. And he was not actuated by simple curiosity. The affection and the interest that he felt towards Hornblower drove him into further questioning. "Do you win?" he asked.

"Frequently," said Hornblower. "Enough to live."

"But you have your half-pay?" went on Bush.

Hornblower yielded in face of this persistence.

"No," he said. "I'm not entitled."

"Not entitled?" Bush's voice rose a semitone. "But you're a permanent lieutenant."

"Yes. But I was a temporary commander. I drew three months' full pay for that rank before the Admiralty refused to confirm."

"And then they put you under stoppages?"

"Yes. Until I've repaid the excess." Hornblower smiled; a nearly natural smile. "I've lived through two months of it. Only five more and I'll be back on half-pay."

"Holy Peter!" said Bush. Half-pay was bad enough; it meant a life of constant care and economy, but one could live. Hornblower had nothing at all.

BUSH knew now why Hornblower had no greatcoat. He felt a sudden wave of anger.

A recollection rose in his mind, as clear to his inward eye as this pleasant room was to his outward one. He remembered Hornblower swinging himself down, sword in hand, on to the deck of the *Renown*, plunging into a battle against odds which could only result in either death or victory. Hornblower, who had planned and worked endlessly to ensure success; and today Hornblower was standing with chattering teeth trying to warm himself beside a gambling hall fire.

"It's a hellish outrage," said Bush, and then he made his offer. He offered his money, even though he knew as he offered it that it meant most certainly that he would go hungry, and that his sisters, if not exactly hungry, would hardly have enough to eat. But Hornblower shook his head.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll never forget that. But I can't accept it. You know that I couldn't. But I'll never cease to be grateful to you. You know, things aren't as bad as they seem. I'm in receipt of regular pay of a sort—a permanent salarium from the Marquis."

Bush was silent.

"Half a guinea a week," explained Hornblower. "Ten shillings and sixpence every Saturday morning, rain or shine."

"And what do you have to do for it?" Bush's half-pay was more than twice that sum.

"I only have to play whist," explained Hornblower. "Only that. From twelve midday until two in the morning I'm here to play whist with any three that need a fourth."

"I see," said Bush.

"The Marquis, in his generosity, also makes me free of these rooms. I have no subscription to pay. No table money. And I can keep my winnings."

"And pay your losses?"

Hornblower shrugged. "Naturally. But the losses do not come as often as one might think. The reason's simple enough. The whist players



Hornblower bowed, smiling. His Lordship could have no idea of how little was in his pocket

who find it hard to obtain partners, and who are cold-shouldered by the others, are naturally the bad players. The life is not entirely one of beer and skittles," went on Hornblower; with the dam once broken he could not restrain his loquacity. "After the fourth hour or so it becomes irksome to play with bad players. On the other hand, I frequently play a rubber or two with the good players. There are moments when I feel I would rather lose to a good player than win from a bad one."

"That's just the point," said Bush, harking back to an old theme. "How about the losses?" Bush's experience of gambling had mostly been of losses.

HORNBLOWER touched his breast pocket. "I keep ten pounds here. My *corps de reserve*, you understand. I can always endure a run of losses, in consequence. Should that reserve be depleted, then sacrifices have to be made to build it up again."

The sacrifices being skipped meals, thought Bush grimly. But his thoughts were interrupted at that point as the door opened and a group of men came in.

"It's high time for customers to arrive," said Hornblower, with a grin at Bush. "Stay and meet my friends."

The red coats of the Army, the blue coats of the Navy, the bottle-green and snuff-coloured

coats of civilians; Bush and Hornblower made room for them before the fire after the introductions were made, and the coat tails were parted as their wearers lined up before the flames. But the exclamations about the cold, and the polite conversation died away rapidly.

"Whist?" asked one of the newcomers tentatively.

"Not for me. Not for us," said another, the leader of the red-coats. "The Twenty-ninth Foot has other fish to fry. We've a permanent engagement with our friend the Marquis in the next room. Come on, Major, let's see if we can call a main right this time."

"Then will you make a four, Mr. Hornblower? How about your friend Mr. Bush?"

"I don't play," said Bush.

"With pleasure," said Hornblower. "You will excuse me, Mr. Bush, I know. There is a new number of the *Naval Chronicle* on the table there. There's a Gazette letter on the last page which might perhaps hold your interest for a while. And there is another item you might think important, too."

Bush could guess what the letter was even before he picked the periodical up, but when he found the place there was the same feeling of pleased shock to see his name in print there, as keen as the first time he saw it. "I have the honour to be, etc., Wm. Bush."

The *Naval Chronicle* in these days of peace

found it hard, apparently, to obtain sufficient matter to fill its pages, and gave much space to the reprinting of these dispatches. Here was the first one—it was with a strange internal sensation that he remembered helping Buckland with the writing of it, as the *Renown* ran westerly along the coast of Santo Domingo the day before the prisoners broke out. It was Buckland's report on the fighting at Samaná. To Bush the most important line was "in the handsomest manner—under the direction of Lieutenant William Bush, the senior officer, whose report I enclose." And here was his very own literary work, as enclosed by Buckland.

H.M.S. "Renown" off Santo Domingo. January 9, 1802.

"I have the honour to inform you. . . ."

Bush relived those days of a year ago as he re-read his own words; those words which he had composed with so much labour.

"I cannot end this report without a reference to the gallant conduct and most helpful suggestions of Lieutenant Horatio Hornblower, who was my second-in-command on this occasion, and to whom a great part of the success of the expedition is due."

There was Hornblower now, playing cards with a post captain and two contractors.

Bush turned back through the *Naval Chronicle*. Here was the Plymouth letter, a daily account of the doings in the port during the last month. In the final item, a name—a combination of names—caught his attention so that he read the paragraph with a quickened pulse: "Last night the jolly boat of His Majesty's cutter 'Rapid,' in the Revenue service, while returning in the fog from delivering a message on shore, was swept by the ebb tide athwart the hawse of a merchantman anchored off Fisher's Nose, and capsized. Two seamen and Mr. Henry Wellard, Midshipman, were drowned. Mr. Wellard was a most promising young man recently appointed to the 'Rapid,' having served as a volunteer in His Majesty's Ship 'Renown.'"

Bush read the passage and pondered over it. He thought it important to the extent that he read the remainder of the *Naval Chronicle* without taking in any of it; and it was with surprise that he realized he would have to leave quickly in order to catch the carrier's wagon back to Chichester.

Now, a good many people were coming into the Rooms and Hornblower was on his feet again; apparently the rubber was finished. Bush took the opportunity to catch his eye and give an indication that he wished to leave. Hornblower came over to him. It was with regret that they shook hands.

"When do we meet again?" asked Hornblower.

"I come in each month to draw my half-pay," said Bush. "I usually spend the night because of the carrier's wagon. Perhaps we could dine . . . ?"

"You can always find me here," said Hornblower. "But do you have a regular place to stay?"

"I stay where it's convenient," replied Bush.

They both of them knew that meant that he stayed where it was cheap.

"I lodge in Highbury Street. I'll write the address down." Hornblower turned to a desk in the corner and wrote on a sheet of paper, which he handed to Bush. "Would you care to share my room when next you come? My landlady is a sharp one. No doubt she will make a charge for a cot for you, but even so—"

"It'll save money," said Bush, putting the paper in his pocket; his grin as he spoke masked the sentiment in his next words. "And I'll see more of you."

"By George, yes," said Hornblower. Words were not adequate.

Jenkins had come sidling up and was holding

Continued on page 22

My seventeen months as Stalin's prisoner

by **ROBERT VOGELER**
with **LEIGH WHITE**

While Lucile, his blonde wife, fought tirelessly for his release, Vogeler was tried and jailed behind the Iron Curtain for "espionage." In this series of five articles, Vogeler reveals the truth about his self-accusations, and how he was forced to make them

ONE DAY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1949, I began to worry about my position in Budapest, the capital of Communist-controlled Hungary. So did Jules Smith, the commercial attaché of the American Legation. "You're playing a losing game," he said. "Why don't you go back to Vienna before the AVO gets you?"

The AVO was the political police, the State Defence section of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. If I had known then what I know now, I would certainly have taken Smith's advice, for I was soon to be arrested, tried and convicted, and held for a year and a half in solitary confinement until I was ransomed by the United States Government.

I was the only American businessman left in Budapest, and I was fighting to save the life of the last American company behind the Iron Curtain. The International Standard Electric Corporation, of which I was an assistant vice-president, supervised the foreign manufacturing subsidiaries of the International Telephone and

Telegraph Corporation, of which I was also an assistant vice-president. I had been sent to Vienna in 1945 to supervise I.T.T.'s operations in Austria, and afterwards in Czechoslovakia and Hungary as well.

I had continued to make my headquarters in Vienna, however, where I could keep abreast of developments in all three countries. There was no censorship in the American sector of Vienna, and I could communicate with our offices in New York without revealing our hopes and fears to the snoopers of the Communist Information Bureau. I could also leave my wife and family in the American sector of the city without worrying too much about their safety.

In Budapest it was impossible to converse even in the privacy of my office without running the risk of being overheard by agents of the AVO. I held my more important conferences, therefore, in the lounge of the Hotel Astoria, where I usually stayed whenever I was in Budapest.

The Astoria was a dingy, third-rate hostelry in

the commercial section of Budapest, but its restaurant was then the best in the town. But, though I enjoyed the cuisine, my main reason for staying at the Astoria was to avoid the Communist delegations that always thronged the Szent Gellert, or the Palatinus on Margaret Island. It was bad enough to have to deal with the Communists during the day without having to live with them at night.

The Astoria's lounge was a quiet place where I could talk in relative privacy with my business associates. Imre Geiger, the general manager of the Standard Electric Company, would often join me there to discuss the problems of our three factories. Standard Budapest, as it was known, was our principal Hungarian subsidiary. It employed about 3,000 workers in the manufacture of telephone, telegraph and radio equipment. Standard Budapest, in turn, controlled Telefongyar, which employed about 1,400 workers in the manufacture of cables, air brakes and railway signals. Standard Budapest also controlled a small company known as Dial, which rented and maintained telephone exchanges.

Geiger's hair had turned white as the result of his experiences during the Russian occupation. The daughter of one of his friends had been raped a score of times by Russian soldiers. Geiger himself had broken his ankle jumping out of a second-storey window to prevent his own daughter from being raped. He had hobbled to a Russian command post to report that a group of drunken soldiers had assembled in his apartment and, for once, the Russian command dispatched a jeepload of policemen to arrest the marauders. His wife lived in a permanent state of hysteria, and Geiger himself, as he had every reason to be, was a very frightened man. Several of his friends had been arrested and forced to denounce him as an "enemy of the people." Although he had been dragooned into the Communist Party, he was convinced that it was only a question of time before he, too, would be arrested.

Forced To Bargain

We knew that our company would be expropriated eventually if the Communists remained in power. On the other hand, so long as they could not obtain their manufacturing information from other sources, they would have to bargain with us, and we hoped to forestall expropriation by means of a comprehensive commercial agreement.

It might be a losing game, as Jules Smith of the American Legation believed, but there was still a chance that we could win. We had been forced to play the same game in other countries



Vogeler (left) listens to the court's verdict of guilty. On the right is Edgar Sanders, an English member of Vogeler's firm, who was also jailed in Hungary. He is still there



Freed at last, Vogeler greets his wife. Earlier, she had flown to London and implored Dean Acheson to force Hungary to release her husband

where totalitarian régimes had come to power, and in most instances we had been successful. Wherever we had operated, we had established communications systems that were second to none. Wherever we had been expropriated, communications had deteriorated to such an extent that, in several countries, we had been invited to return on a consulting basis. Our trump card was the fact that our technical knowledge was unexcelled.

Three Red Trumps

The Hungarian Communists had three trumps to our one. The first was that they felt confident that they could expropriate Standard Budapest at any time. Their second trump consisted of the fact that Standard Budapest was obliged to fill reparations orders for Russia at prices fixed by the government without regard to costs. We were forced to borrow money from the government at twelve per cent, but were not permitted to charge this interest as a legitimate cost of production. We were forced to obtain our raw materials from government agencies, but were heavily penalized for late deliveries due exclusively to their failure to deliver our raw materials on time. Bankruptcy, we knew, would be tantamount to nationalization.

The Communists' third trump was the fact that several of our European competitors were eager to invade our territory, in spite of the unpromising conditions that prevailed. They were presumably willing to take their profits, if any, in the form of commodities that were scarce at home.

Thus, the game we were playing was rigged in favour of our Communist opponents. Even

so, with 6,000,000 dollars in Hungarian assets at stake, we were not disposed to throw in our cards unless we were forced to do so. There was always the chance that Hungary, in emulation of Yugoslavia, would break its ties with Russia. And if it did, we thought, the national Communists would be more inclined to deal with us on equitable terms.

Since my last visit to Budapest, however, the chances of a schism had been drastically reduced. Laszlo Rajk, the leader of the national Communists, had been condemned to death for allegedly conspiring to overthrow Russia's stooges in association with numerous Yugoslav, British and American "imperialist agents." For good measure, I myself had been informally accused in the Communist Press of using the Austro-American Club in Vienna as a blind for an "international spy ring." It was small comfort to know that the accusation was false.

Shadowed By Agents

Soon after returning to Budapest, I discovered that I was being shadowed by agents of the AVO. I had been shadowed before, on occasion, but never to the extent that I was being shadowed now. One pair of agents tailed me throughout the day. In the evening they were relieved by a second pair. A third pair took over as soon as I went to bed, standing guard in the corridor outside my room. As soon as I left the hotel in the morning, the third pair would go through my belongings to see if I had acquired or disposed of any papers since the night before. One morning I sprinkled talcum powder on my papers as a test. After blowing off the surplus powder, I locked the papers in

a suitcase, handling them with the backs of my hands in order not to touch them with my fingers. On my return from work that evening, I opened the suitcase, scooped up the papers and examined them. The fingerprints on the talc were unmistakable.

Fun With False Beards

For lack of anything better to do, I decided to have some fun. My wife Lucile was planning a Hallow-e'en party for our two sons, Bob and Bill, and she had asked me to send her a pair of false beards so that the boys could dress up as pirates. For some reason, false beards were unobtainable in Vienna. I had accordingly bought a pair in Budapest, and was waiting to send them to Lucile with a friend who was returning to Vienna by car.

One day I hooked one of the beards on my waistcoat, buttoned up my jacket and went down to the bar to meet Jules Smith, with whom I was having lunch. In the mirror behind the bar I saw my shadows take seats at a corner table. I told Smith what I was about to do, and then called a waiter. "Those people in the corner want a drink," I said.

As the waiter went over to their table, I ducked down, unbuttoned my jacket and hooked the beard over my ears. I then turned around and bowed in the direction of the shadows. The look on their faces when they saw me wearing the beard was so funny that even the waiters and Edina Dory, the barmaid, laughed, though it was probably dangerous for them to do so.

After several days of this shadowing, I protested to Zoltan Rado, the chief of the light

electrical department of the Ministry of Heavy Industry. Rado, a dark, taciturn man, expressed his regrets, but told me that there was nothing he could do to prevent my being treated like a criminal. He hinted, however, that the political police were interested in the outcome of our negotiations. Time was growing short, he said, and the proposed agreement was becoming "less and less interesting" all the time. Unless it was promptly signed, it would be necessary for the Hungarian Government to make "other arrangements."

I knew exactly what he meant. Though he denied it, of course, Rado was already negotiating with another Western firm behind my back. For five months he had been waiting for the U.S. State Department to approve the draft agreement that our respective committees had initialled in May. Rado's Communist superiors, I gathered, were growing restive. It was beginning to seem, from their point of view, that he had failed to get the better of us, which meant that he was in danger of being charged with "sabotage."

The Crime Of Failure.

Communist bureaucrats must always be, or seem to be, successful. Failure, whether real or imagined, is a crime. Based as it is on the "infallible" teachings of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, the State itself is never wrong. Every difficulty is the fault of "treacherous" officials. Rado's only hope, therefore, in the event of our agreement not being approved, was to negotiate a better agreement with one or other of our competitors.

Our representatives had agreed to provide Standard Budapest with the information necessary to manufacture communications equipment of a "standardized" nature. In return, the Government's representatives had agreed either to respect our property rights in Hungary or to pay us 6,000,000 dollars for our subsidiaries. The U.S. State Department had submitted the draft agreement to an inter-departmental committee—necessary in view of restrictions on strategic exports to Iron Curtain countries.

To convince Jules Smith of the urgency of the situation, I obtained from an official in the Ministry of Heavy Industry—not Rado—a copy of the secret draft agreement with the other firm. In so doing, I laid myself open, perhaps, to charges of "unethical conduct." But it was not "espionage." The draft agreement with this firm was a commercial, not a military, document. I won my argument with Smith on November 11, the day I laid the copy of the agreement on his desk. But it was too late, then, to do anything about it. Smith showed me a paraphrase of a message that he had just received from the American Embassy in London. The embassy reported that International Standard Electric's agreement had at long last been disapproved.

Attempt To Escape

It was the end of Standard Budapest, together with Telefongyar and Dial. They could be "legally" expropriated without compensation. It was a safe assumption that the AVO had already manufactured the necessary evidence of "sabotage."

It was at this time that Imre Geiger tried to escape from Hungary. He had left Budapest the day before on the afternoon train to Gyor. There he had boarded the train to Pinnye, near the Austrian border, where two men disguised as peasants were to have met his party and led it safely across the mountains.

Geiger had left with his wife, daughter and three other persons, including Edina Dory, the barmaid at the Astoria. Edina's father, a wealthy landowner, had been expropriated. Her sister Ilona had married an American and gone to the United States. Edina had not been so lucky. After her father's expropriation, she had been forced to join the Communist Party in order to find a job. She had ended up at the

Astoria bar, earning 3.47 dollars a week, plus tips.

I played golf as usual that weekend and, as usual, I was not alone. Budapest's only golf course had been reduced from eighteen to nine holes in order to provide a "park of culture and rest." A miniature railway eight miles long encircled the entire course, and a workers' café had been erected opposite the main station on what was now the ninth fairway. My shadows, as usual, sat on the terrace of the café as they waited for me to complete my solitary game. Five greens could be seen from where they sat, and I waved to them from each one to prove that I had not escaped. It would have been difficult to escape, in any event, for the caddy had been warned that he would be held responsible for my return to the clubhouse.

Geiger's escape was prompted by the fact that



Edina Dory, barmaid, gives evidence during the trial in Budapest. Beyond her, Vogeler and Sanders can be seen

Rado and two of his colleagues at the Ministry of Heavy Industry had been arrested on November 3. On Monday, November 14, I learned that Geiger's car had been impounded by the police. It appeared that he and his party had foolishly driven to the station in his car. Its abandonment had evidently aroused the suspicions of the AVO.

On Tuesday morning my secretary, Mrs. Gyorgy Zador, received an anonymous telephone call informing her that Geiger and his party had been arrested. Geiger's mother-in-law telephoned that afternoon to say that she, too, had received an anonymous telephone call to the same effect. She added that a certain lawyer had offered to arrange Geiger's release if I would pay the equivalent of 6,000 dollars in Hungarian florins. Fearing a trap, I suggested that it would be best to wait until Geiger's arrest had been officially announced.

If Geiger had really been caught while attempting to escape, he would probably be forced to confess to "crimes" that would implicate International Standard Electric and everyone involved in its abortive negotiations with the Government. I thus began to fear that I, too, would be arrested. Therefore, when I telephoned to my wife in Vienna, I asked her if Sosthenes Behn (chairman of International Telephone and Telegraph) had returned to London. This question was a prearranged signal meaning that I had to leave Budapest in a hurry and that Lucile would get a London representative to

telephone me to say, "The agreement has been signed, but you'll have to come to London to pick it up." Such a message, I thought, would give me an excuse to leave Hungary without interference from the AVO.

It was then that Mrs. Zador asked me to arrange for her to escape from Hungary. I did my best to convince her that I had no means of arranging anyone's escape.

Fake Call From London

London telephoned on Wednesday morning to confirm the "signing" of the agreement. I announced, for the benefit of the censors who were listening in, that I would drive to Vienna on Friday, fly to London the next day, and return to Budapest, "with the signed agreement," the following week. It would take me until Thursday evening to obtain my exit visa from the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

There was still no word of Geiger, and I wondered whether I should risk trying to leave Hungary legally, or whether I, too, should try to escape. It was my plan, if I escaped, to retire to a certain monastery long enough to grow a beard. Then, disguised as a monk, I intended to make my way to Yugoslavia, the frontier of which was not so closely guarded on the Hungarian side as that of the British zone of Austria. I assumed that the Titoists, having just received a 20,000,000 dollar loan from the United States, would not deprive me of my liberty.

At the last minute, though, I decided to try to leave Hungary legally. Even if I succeeded where Geiger had failed, I reasoned, my escape would give the Communists the very excuse they needed to expropriate our Hungarian subsidiaries. And if I, too, were arrested while trying to escape, I would be in an even worse predicament than if I were arrested while trying to leave the country legally.

Although I had obtained my exit visa without delay, I still feared that an attempt would be made to arrest me before I reached Vienna. I accordingly arranged to leave Budapest twenty minutes before Lieut-Colonel John T. Hoyne, the assistant military attaché of the American Legation. Hoyne was also driving to Vienna, and he could be counted on, I thought, to report my disappearance if I failed to cross the border ahead of him. I was most afraid of being arrested secretly. If my arrest were reported, I hoped that the American Legation would take immediate steps to procure my release. Otherwise I would be held incommunicado until I had confessed to whatever crimes of which it pleased the AVO to find me guilty.

Chauffeur's Request

At eight o'clock in the morning, on November 18, 1949, my secretary, Mrs. Gyorgy Zador, called at the Hotel Astoria to see me off. She asked if it would be all right for Ferencz to drive me to the frontier. Ferencz, or Feri, as he was known for short, was our office chauffeur. He had told Mrs. Zador that he wanted to visit his brother, who lived in a village near Hegyesalom, the last town between Budapest and the Austrian frontier. It was strange, I thought, that Feri had never mentioned his brother before, but I could think of no excuse for denying his request. Feri was a sallow young man with a thin black moustache. He spoke neither English nor German, and I had to converse with him in sign language because of my scant knowledge of Hungarian.

On our way out of Budapest, I stopped at the American Legation to confirm the arrangement I had made with Colonel Hoyne. As an afterthought, I asked him to take my briefcase to Vienna with him. It contained no important papers, but I wanted to avoid any possible difficulties at the border.

We left the legation at eight forty. Hoyne promised to follow twenty minutes later. It was

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Happy captive of fairyland

by MARJORIE EARL

William Luff has been Captain Hook or Cecco ever since *Peter Pan* was two years old. Somehow, he has never managed to tear himself away from the Never-Never Land, where he is the oldest inhabitant

LAST SEASON, WHEN seventy-four year old William Luff was waiting in the wings of the Palace Theatre, Plymouth, to make, he thinks, his seventy-five hundredth entrance as Cecco, the Italian pirate in *Peter Pan*, a fifty-pound counterweight fell on him and ruined an otherwise perfect record.

The counterweight fractured his shoulder, broke a few ribs and caused other miscellaneous damage to his tall, spare figure. It drove him to hospital and kept him under a doctor's care for six months. None of this bothered him so much as the fact that he was forced to miss a cue for the first time in forty-five years.

Dignified and erect, with a fringe of fluffy white hair girding his splendid, weather-bronzed head, Luff has a twenty-four year lead over director Cecil King, the second oldest inhabitant of the Never-Never Land. King joined the company a mere nineteen years ago. "I call him a new boy," says Luff, who has been in the cast, either as Captain Hook or Cecco, since 1906, when *Peter Pan* was an infant prodigy of two years just beginning his unparalleled popularity with children all over the world.

Luff calculates roughly that he has appeared in about 7,740 performances. He has played Captain Hook to two of the show's greatest Peters—Pauline Chase and Jean Forbes-Robertson. As understudy from 1906 until 1941 he has worn the terrible hook on hundreds of unpremeditated occasions.

He took permanent root in the Never-Never Land in 1910. Since then he has tried to pull away, but somehow has never managed it. Once, when he was a comparative newcomer of twenty years' experience, he was considering a tempting film offer. Sir James Barrie, the play's creator, intervened. "Luff, if you leave us I shall feel inclined never to see *Peter Pan* again," he said. This season, as Luff prepared for the forty-fifth anniversary of his alliance with Peter, the producer, Angus MacLeod, echoed Barrie's feelings in a letter. "Dear Bill Luff," it read. "Are you coming back to us to play Cecco once more this year? I do hope so, as the play wouldn't seem the same without you."

Fan Letters From Parents

Every year Luff gets dozens of fan letters which also draw attention to the fact that he is a permanent fixture. They come from parents. "When I was a child," they invariably say, "my mother took me to see *Peter Pan*. Today, I took my children, and when I saw you I was sure I remembered you from the past. Are you, by any chance, the same William Luff that I saw so long ago?"

He is, but except for two accidental deaths, he might not have been. In 1905-06, he was under a three-year contract to the American impresario, Charles Frohman, producer of *Peter Pan*. Since

there was nothing for the young, aspiring tragedian to do that Christmas, he was told to play Cecco. This was Pauline Chase's first year. After ten performances, Captain Hook fell sick and Luff played him for the rest of the season. For the next three years he played Cecco and understudied Hook. In 1910, he broke away, but not for long. Still under contract to Frohman, he was playing in *Arsène Lupin* at the Duke of York's Theatre in London. One Sunday night he was awakened from a sound sleep by a frantic telegram from *Peter Pan*'s producer, Dion Boucicault: ROB HARWOOD IS DEAD. YOU MUST PLAY HOOK. COME TO EDINBURGH AT ONCE. Since then, he has missed only one year. That was 1940, when bombs destroyed the warehouse where the scenery was stored.

Children Laughed At Him

The second death, which channelled Luff for ever into fairyland, was that of Charles Frohman. In 1915, Frohman was arranging for Luff to go to New York. Contract arrangements were to be completed after Frohman returned from America. He sailed in the *Lusitania* and went down with the words of Peter Pan on his lips: "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

Cecco's part is a small one. It consists of only a few lines. When Luff first saw it he was incensed. "Where is the rest of my part?" he asked when the director handed him the script. "That's all there is," he was told. Philosophically, Luff determined to make the most of it. Instead of playing Cecco as a comic, he followed his natural inclination and played him tragically. This had the perverse effect of bringing howls of laughter from the children.

The part is known in stage parlance as one composed mainly of "biz," short for business and meaning action. Although the "biz" of Cecco has long since solidified into tradition, most of it originated with Luff's efforts to build up a puny part. When Barrie first saw it in this form he was so entranced with the young actor's improvisation that he declared: "Luff, when I wrote that part I didn't think there was anything to it. But you've made it important." Since then Luff has not altered a single gesture.

Very little else has changed, either. During his lifetime Barrie exacted strict fidelity to the text as he wrote it and the spirit as he conceived it. Luff remembers him as a shy, almost monosyllabic man who used to sit silently in the stalls at rehearsals, speaking only if someone made a mistake. Then he would jump up and call to the player: "That's out." If anyone attempted to alter the script, he was likely to say, as Luff recalls him saying to one star: "I don't know what part you think you're playing, but it certainly isn't Peter."

William Luff shares Barrie's esteem for the
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Split-second timing is essential for the flying scenes. Joe Kirby is here training Peter Pan (Joan Greenwood) and Wendy (Shirley Lorimer)



William Luff as Cecco—a part he has been playing for forty-five years—with Wendy and Cecil King, the director of *Peter Pan*



They stopped at the edge of the camp. Bessie was there, all right, and so was the small boy. For a moment, they were all gaping at each other

My Mother said . . .

No gipsy in his right mind would want to kidnap Bessie—not with her appetite. But Bessie had undoubtedly vanished by JACK TREVOR STORY

THE RAIN STARTED when Maudie Pontweed and her brothers and sisters were on the edge of Sparrowswick Heath and making for home. They still had quite a long way to go before they got even to the first house of Sparrowswick Garden Suburb, where they lived, and Maudie decided to take shelter.

It was unfortunate that at this particular spot the heath had suffered the effects of fire and all the shrubbery stood gaunt, black and offering no shelter; bereft of the early summer foliage of the rest of the heathland where, all afternoon, the children had been playing. Thursday afternoon, to the dread of their mother, was a half holiday all through the summer months.

"We ought to have stayed in our Charlie's

cave," Sue said. It had been a ditch-rooted bush of Grandfather's Beard. She looked up at the lowering sky. "Suppose we got struck by lightning?"

"We won't," said Maudie firmly. "Come on, take hold of Bessie's other hand, our Louie. We'll have to run."

Louie and Sue were eight-year-old twins, completely dissimilar; Sue, dark-eyed, pigtailed; Louie, mousy, untidy, a small, impatient whirlwind.

Maudie and Louie half dragged little, fat Bessie between them along the heathland path between the charcoal fingers of the burnt shrubs. Sue

ran in front, looking for shelter and holding the back of her coat up over her head, while Reg and Charlie, hanging behind, relished the big splashes of rain on their faces and hoped for thunder. Reg was the scientific one, hair plastered down and conscious of his clothes; Charlie, nine, a year younger than his brother, couldn't care less about anything.

Louie stopped against a very large and fully dressed rhododendron which towered wetly above the bracken, marking the end of the fire-razed area. The big shrub was smothered in half-opened buds showing deep purple and, towards the top, fully opened clusters of pale violet flowers. The lower foliage hung in sweeping skirts to the ground and the heavy-laden

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

branches framed deep, woody caves going deep into the heart of the shrub, floored by a pungent carpet of leaf-mould.

"Here's a place, our Maudie!" Louie cried. She made to enter in among the branches, but the darkness intimidated her and she withdrew to wait for her brothers and sisters.

Maudie issued directions with a shrill authority, for she was twelve. "Charlie, Reg—you go in first and clear a place for Sue and Louie. And no tearing your trousers on the branches."

"Can I pick some of these rhododendrons for our mum?" Charlie asked.

"When it's stopped raining—hurry up, we're getting drenched."

The children crowded between the branches into the sheltering shrub. Charlie, getting deeper than was strictly necessary, found an extra little cavern by crawling under a main stem of the shrub. When the others got into the dim interior, Charlie had vanished.

"Charlie! Charlie!" Maudie cried. "Where's our Charlie?"

Charlie, snugly hidden, made his special call and Reg dived in his direction. Charlie was already coming back, however, and they met head-on in the dark tunnel of leaves and twigs, with an audible thump. Reg, about to yell, was stopped by the expression on Charlie's face. Charlie joined the others, rubbing his forehead. "Maudie," he said softly.

His tone commanded immediate attention.

"There's somebody in there," Charlie whispered, glancing back to the dark maze.

"A body?" asked Reg hopefully.

"No," Charlie said. "It's a baby."

"By himself?" Sue said. She began moving in the direction of the tunnel, and her anticipatory tone roused the possessive, competitive instinct in her sister Louie, who, until now, had been hanging contentedly upside down by her knees from a branch. She tumbled down.

"I want it!" she exclaimed. "To go with my pram."

Maudie pulled Sue back and cuffed Louie, gently. She was old enough to realize that the middle of a rhododendron bush on a heath in a storm was no place for a baby to be.

"Is it alone?" she asked Charlie.

Charlie nodded.

"Wait here," Maudie instructed.

MAUDIE was quite big and the tunnel was quite small, but by bending back various wet branches she managed to crawl in.

The child sat in the small inner chamber of the bush, waiting for Maudie to come through. It was a boy, about two and a half years old, and he had the flat, implacable face of an Eskimo. He was very dirty, dressed in dungarees and with a man's cap on his head, overwhelming, back to front.

"What's your name?" Maudie asked pleasantly.

The boy was interested in Maudie, but had no conversation to offer.

"Where's your mummy?" Maudie tried again.

At this the child looked up between the branches. The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had started. This seemed to register with the boy, for he got up and thrust his head through the leaves and blossoms into outer daylight. Then, before Maudie could say or do anything further, he had scrambled on to a bough, climbed out on to the leaves and flowers and tumbled to the ground outside.

Maudie quickly wriggled back to her brothers and sisters.

"Quick," she said, "he's got away. He'll get lost."

The children followed Maudie out of the rhododendron and they were in time to see the small child trotting along the heathland path. Maudie ran after him, and Charlie and Reg went through a patch of gorse to cut him off, cowboy-and-Indian fashion. In a matter of moments

they had him surrounded. Not until then did the child begin to cry.

"That shows he's lost," Sue said hopefully. The "findings keepings" implication was unmistakable.

Maudie was more perceptive. "He didn't cry till we stopped him. P'raps he knows where his mummy is. We'd better just follow him and see. Pretend to go back."

They let him go, and immediately he ran off down the path as though he knew exactly where he was going and why. The children followed at a discreet distance, hiding in the bracken each time the child stopped to see if he was being followed. They had lost sight of him, momentarily, down a side track, when a woman suddenly appeared round a stunted willow tree. Even Maudie was startled and a little afraid, for this was a gipsy woman; young, plump and red-featured, a coloured bandana around her black hair, long ear-rings, a basket of willow fronds



Maudie tried a new question. "Where's your mummy?" Still there was no reply

on one arm, black skirt down to her ankles, and, beneath, white, worn-out slippers. Instinctively, Sue, Louie, Bessie, Charlie and Reg crowded closely around their elder sister.

The woman looked at each one of them, objectively, then said: "Hullo, dearies. Have you seen a little boy?"

HER question verified all their worst fears. Everybody knew that gipsies stole little children. After only the barest hesitation Maudie shook her head, dumbly.

The woman sensed their reluctance and looked suspicious. She stepped forward and placed her hand on Bessie's head.

"A bit shorter than this," she said. "And not so fat. My! What do they feed you on, little one?"

Bessie smiled, chubbily. She was just four and knew hardly anything about gipsies.

"We haven't seen nobody," Charlie said, aggressively.

"Well, if you do," the woman said, "bring him down to the caravan and I'll give you a ginger-snap." She pointed across the heath to where a lane was visible in a hollow and smoke could be seen rising above a clump of elder blossom. She moved towards the path which

the small boy had taken and Sue said quickly: "He didn't go down there!"

The young woman turned and studied them again, her suspicions confirmed. Then she strode off down the path.

Maudie shook Sue by the shoulder.

"What did you want to say that for? Now she knows."

"Let's get a policeman," Charlie suggested.

But it had occurred to Maudie, suddenly, that the woman had something of the implacable, self-reliant personality of the child. "I believe that was his mother," she said.

"Don't be daft," Charlie protested. "He didn't have any ear-rings on."

"We'd better just see," Maudie said, and she led the way after the woman and the child.

The path took a sudden twist between masses of brambles, now in tiny mauve and white bloom. The grass gave way to chalky stones, and they found themselves slithering down into a natural bowl, with heather stretching grey and blue on either side of the path.

"This is where the seaside used to be," Reg stated scientifically, but nobody was listening.

SOON after, they found the child again, and the woman, too, when they came unexpectedly to the clearing by the lane. The child, so silent before, was screaming raucously at four others who were chasing each other round a huge bonfire. The woman was tipping her basket of willow branches in front of another woman, older, who sat cross-legged on the ground, making artificial flowers in crimson, blue and yellow.

In the middle of the clearing stood a caravan. The shafts, down among the low bushes, were draped with drying washing in colours as bright as the van itself, which was all browns, golds and greens, in little scrolls and carvings. Two men sat on the steps of the caravan, carving pegs, while an incredibly aged face, wizened as a nut and of indeterminate sex, was visible just above the half-door of the van, rocking gently to and fro, fast asleep.

Over all, mingling with the insect noises and the sharp toccata and fugue of wild birds, hung a delectable and mouth-watering fragrance that seemed to be part-chicken, part-broth, part-sugar and part-spices, all quite separate parts, but blended into an intangible and unutterably appetizing whole.

"Coo!" Bessie said.

This enraptured comment focused attention on the children, and it was too late to withdraw. The woman with the basket laughed. "These are the kids who were trying to knock off Bert," she said.

"Pity they didn't," one of the men said, and threw a peg, accurately, at the yelling child, who stopped immediately.

"We didn't know he belonged to you," Sue explained.

One of the men winked at the other, then said: "We charge a fee for stealing children these days, girlie, cost of living what it is. Five bob boys, ten bob girls. All union rates—that so, Marty?"

The other nodded, solemnly, but even Reg and Charlie knew they were having their legs pulled.

"Come on," Maudie said. "Our dad'll be home else."

But Bessie would not come on. She had advanced across the clearing with the trancelike air of a water diviner, her small nose in the air, leading her to the big black pot hanging on a spit above the fire.

"Bessie!" Maudie called.

"I'm hungry," Bessie wailed. She was joined by Bert, the small boy they had found in the bush. It seemed there was some affinity between them for, after staring at each other appraisingly, they joined hands and stood together watching the steam curl out of the pot.

"Save us from that one!" cried the woman

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I LOVED A WICKED CITY (I) by MARY BALL

Sister Mary Ball had been forced to quit the missionary hospital in Tatung, when the Japanese army took it over and later imprisoned her. But after a thrilling rescue and happy homecoming, she longed to see the city again and serve its people

I return to postwar China

AFTER FRANCIS LI WARNED ME to leave Tatung, I went to Peking. There, when Britain declared war on Japan in December, 1941, life was made miserable for enemy nationals like myself. We were confined strictly to the city area. Our every move was watched. And it was almost a relief when I was bundled off to a concentration camp in March, 1943.

The camp, in Wei Hsien, south of Peking, had been a large Presbyterian mission compound, but it had not been intended to hold the two thousand of us now locked behind its gates. I shared a room with seventeen other women. At first, we were fed quite well—Christmas dinner in 1943 was roast pork and fruit pudding—but the Japanese, penned in tighter and tighter by the Chinese forces, soon found it difficult to bring in supplies. Christmas, 1944, found us banqueting on watery soup and sour bread. I lost weight rapidly.

Much has already been said about life in concentration camps: I have little to add. One morning in mid-August, 1945, I heard the deep drone of an aircraft flying overhead. "That's no Nippy," one of our men shouted. It was a Superfortress, circling low over the camp. Men and women around me began to shout and wave their hands hysterically. Then leaflets began to drop from the aircraft.

I raced across the compound and picked one up. In English, French and Russian, it read: *Prisoners of War—you are free. In two hours we will return to drop food, clothing and medicines. Don't over-eat and don't over-medicate.* Excitement was a wild thing, boiling and bubbling through the camp.

Rescue By Parachute

At ten o'clock, a flight of six aeroplanes flew over, dropping parachutes that bloomed into beautiful yellows, blues and reds. Most of them fell outside the camp area. The last plane circled once again and, by way of a dramatic postscript, dropped seven men from the sky.

Rescue! I thought, and was filled with exultation. With the others, I surged towards the barbed wire gates which had penned us in for so long. Two Japanese sentries looked at one another uncertainly and crossed their bayonets in our path. An English prisoner walked boldly over and slapped one of the sentries on the back. "All right, Johnny," he said, "your day is over."

The sentries exchanged another glance and stepped back. We streamed out of the gate, the first time we had left the camp in two and a half years. Around me, people were sobbing, laughing, chortling with triumph. We found the parachutists, uncertain of their reception by the Japanese, crawling on hands and knees through a grain field. We danced around them and shouted garbled greetings and slapped them on the back. Then we carried them, shoulder high, through the camp while the Salvation Army band, miraculously on the spot, played the most stirring march I have ever heard.

I was free to go to England—and I did. I had been away for a long time and, to my



Entrance to the Mosse Memorial Hospital where Mary Ball worked for twenty-five years. It was outside Tatung, an ancient city in North China

starved eyes, Britain seemed a land of plenty. But I felt at once that anything that had happened to me was nothing compared to the sufferings at home from bombs and flying-bombs. I rested and regained my health. Soon I was feeling fit. Then I began to miss Tatung.

On the last day of 1946, while staying with my sister Margaret in Derbyshire, I was thrilled to receive a cable from China. From Bishop Arnold Scott, it tersely announced that once more the Mosse Memorial Hospital belonged to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. RETURN TATUNG AS MATRON SOONEST, it added. I sailed for China on February 28, 1947—the earliest passage available.

A Nasty Accident

When I reached Peking, late in April, I met Dr. Philip Li (a cousin of my old friend, Dr. Francis Li) who had agreed to take on the superintendship of the hospital. We boarded a train and were on our way. At Kalgan, through my own clumsiness, I had a nasty accident. Catching my shin on the edge of the station platform, I felt the sharp edge of the wood cutting into my flesh. Faint with shock, I sat down on the luggage Philip Li had placed on the platform. He gave me a drink of water.

"It doesn't matter," he said in belittling Chinese fashion. "The hurt is of no consequence." But I could see the bone gleaming through the open wound. The doctor had no dressing with him, so I bound my small white handkerchief around the cut and my large

khaki one over that. By the time we reached Tatung, late the following afternoon, my shin had swollen from below the knee down to the ankle. Dr. Philip, fussing around me like a hen, made it clear that he was not as indifferent as his Chinese off-handedness had made him appear. But, as I approached the city I had grown to love, and crossed the high bridge over the River Jade, I forgot my hurt.

I could see the city walls beneath us, in the distance, but the hospital was screened from view by the buildings at the station suburb. The train pulled in. Dr. Philip Li and I took rickshaws to the hospital. I was due for a shock. Zigzag trenches had made a messy maze of the garden. Windows were shattered. And, inside, I was appalled by the filth. The operating room and scrubbing-up room had been used as lavatories. Holes had been burned in the floors by open fires. The walls were full of shell holes and pitted by splinters.

"Miss Ball," Philip Li said, shaking his head, "I would never take this work on if you weren't here to help me." I could see he was horribly dispirited at the condition of the hospital.

"Never mind," I said, "it won't be so bad." But I was almost as downcast as he.

Presently, the pain in my leg reminded me that the wound needed dressing. I had heard that my old friend, Francis Li, was now in charge of a hospital in the city. Philip Li and I took the rickshaws there and presently I was shaking his hand. "I'm glad to see you home again, Miss Ball," Francis said in his soft voice. "I hope we can work together for the people of Tatung." I knew he had been instrumental in getting the hospital back for the S.P.G., and I told him how grateful I was.

Race Against Time

Francis dressed my wound and next day I returned to Peking with Philip Li to report to the Bishop. He told me that there was much to be done and little time to do it. We had to get the hospital back into operation before mid-June in order to be eligible for aid from UNRRA, which was planning to close down in China. We badly wanted medical supplies, bed linen, instruments and general equipment. While in Peking I arranged to send to Tatung the nucleus of a new nursing and office staff. Philip Li stayed in Peking to attend the wedding of his only daughter but, with Mr. Mei, a male staff nurse, his wife and two children, and two student nurses, I hurried back to Tatung. Train services were extremely erratic and we arrived at the Tatung station at three o'clock one morning.

It was too late for rickshaws. Leaving Mr. Mei in the station to watch over our heavy luggage, I led the others on foot to the hospital—a two-mile walk in the night. The gate was barred on the inside. I knocked at it. No result. Presently, after minutes of fruitless banging, Mrs. Mei called out in her shrill voice, quavering with exhaustion: "*Li hsien sheng: kai men, kai men.*" ("Mr. Li, open the door, open the door.") She repeated this over and over, but still there was no sign of life from



"I held the baby in its flour-bag nappy for the UNRRA official to see. He gazed at the word FLOUR across the baby's bottom and said: 'It must be hard on the child'"

Li Wen Kuei, the watchman. I picked up a stone the size of a man's fist and banged against the gate while the children joined in a piping, tired chorus: "Kai men, kai men!"

A good half-hour later, we heard a door open. Mr. Li's deep voice said, "Lai-la, lai-la." ("Coming, coming!") The gate opened. When Mr. Li saw us he held his hands clasped to his stomach and bowed deeply. "Po hsien sheng yeh lai-la." ("Miss Ball has also come.") Carrying some of our bundles of bedding and Mrs. Mei's pottery basin and chop sticks, he showed us into his room, which was remarkably neat considering he had just got out of bed. It was not until later that I learned that he had heard us from my first knock, but had self-consciously stopped to tidy his room before coming to let us in. It was now nearly six and dawn was diluting the darkness. I spread my bedding on the floor and fell on it, exhausted. I sighed and fell asleep.

Our First Patient

The next weeks were sheer drudgery. Rooms were scrubbed and walls whitewashed. The nurses collected the remaining pieces of furniture, a sorry lot, and divided it up to equip skimpily a small part of the hospital. We had only seventeen beds. Shortly after, I placed a notice in the *Tatung* daily newspaper. *Outside the north gate of the city, the Mosse Memorial Hospital hopes to reopen on June 9. The entire staff bows to the public. Outpatients to be seen daily between ten and twelve o'clock.* I was proud of our skeleton staff for having accomplished what we had set out to do, but we were working on a minimum of supplies and equipment. I borrowed a hand sewing machine from the Salvation Army and made seventeen large sheets—one for each bed. For months, every patient had to bring his own bedding and his own pillow.

Since my arrival, a certain minimum of equipment had been sent from Peking—an operating table, instruments, medicines. We were equipped for an emergency. But we had a reputation at the hospital for specializing in Caesarean cases and, with this in mind, I had brought one sterilized unit for an abdominal operation with me from Peking.

Sure enough, on our opening afternoon, a tiny woman, no taller than four feet, hobbled into the hospital. I went forward to greet her, our first patient.

"I am happy you people have come back again to the hospital," she said. "I have only one child, having lost four in difficult labour, and I hope you can save the one I am now carrying." She had lost her four babies because she suffered from osteomalacia, a calcium-deficiency disease very prevalent among the women in the area around Tatung.

Makeshift Layette

The operating room was not ready at that time. Instead, we used a room in the outpatients' department. The delivery was successful—but then I was faced with a new problem. What would I use to clothe the newly born infant? I made vests out of two of my own woollen body belts. I cut an American flour bag into four makeshift nappies. We were visited next day by an UNRRA official, a Canadian named Lewis. I picked up the baby for him to see. He grinned, pointing to the word "FLOUR" in large letters across the baby's bottom. Then his grin disappeared. "Haven't you anything better than that for a nappy? It must be very hard on the child." I explained how short we were of supplies.

"I'll see what I can do," Mr. Lewis promised, "to send you some flannelette and some babies' clothes." He was better than his word. Soon we had a package from him containing a bolt of flannelette, some babies' clothes and some cot quilts. He also saw that we got a larger-than-scheduled share of UNRRA supplies from

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As the hinges of the door creaked, Andrew drew Ruth closer towards him. In the doorway the darkened figure of a man appeared, holding a gun

TENDER TO MOONLIGHT

by

ELIOT REED

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Here indeed was treasure—Kusitch's dream. It explained the whole fantastic adventure; it explained why the two Germans had stopped at nothing to find it

YOUNG DR. ANDREW MACLAREN and Ruth Meriden were in a tight spot. They had found the boat—the tender to *Moonlight*—with its unknown treasure, but Kretchmann and Haller, two dangerous ex-Nazis, had got there first.

The adventure began in Brussels, where Andrew, on the way home to England to take up a hospital job, had shared a hotel suite with little Mr. Kusitch, a Yugoslav, who, next morning, had disappeared. Later, Kusitch was found murdered, and certain facts came to light. . . .

Kusitch's job had been to trace war loot for his government. But he had been searching, quite unofficially, for a boat which had been bought in Yugoslavia in 1939 by an English millionaire as a tender for his yacht *Moonlight*.

The millionaire was dead; Kusitch had been on his way to trace the boat through his heiress—Ruth Meriden, a beautiful young sculptress. And after Kusitch's murder, two suspects—

Kretchmann and Haller—were known to have come to England. . . .

The mystery intrigued Andrew; and Ruth Meriden intrigued him even more. With the help of an ex-Intelligence friend, Charlie Botten, he traced the boat to Groper's Wade, a lonely creek on the Thames estuary marshes, and set out with Ruth to investigate.

Andrew wasn't altogether sure of Charlie Botten, whom he had seen one night dining with a man Andrew privately dubbed Jolly-face—a man who, unless he was very much mistaken, had been following him in London.

But there was no mistaking the men they found at the creek. They were Kretchmann and Haller—and they had already taken possession of the tender to *Moonlight*. Whatever it was in the boat they wanted so badly, they had their hands on it now.

As Haller stepped out of the boat towards them, he was smiling menacingly. Andrew put

his arm around Ruth and drew her towards him. His one thought now was to protect her.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Treasure Trove

EVEN as Andrew made the gesture, he realized its stupidity. He needed both arms free at this moment. The tactical possibilities were limited.

"For myself," Kretchmann said, "I am always agreeable to co-operate. I am full of the friendliness and peace—when people are reasonable. I hope the gracious Fräulein is reasonable. She has, I think, not so much interest in this little boat. On the other hand, my friend and I have the great need for it, to make a journey. It is not our wish to steal, only to borrow. Somewhere or other it will be found and returned to you, Fräulein. Meanwhile, you

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Men who spread the "S" banner

by JOHN KOBLER

Pushed by zealous agents, the famous red trademark pops up in every corner of the globe. Concluding the private history of Mr. Singer's money-making machine

AS THE Singer company celebrated its centenary last year—rather belatedly, for the original company was founded in 1850—from its far-flung branches tokens of devotion poured into the New York headquarters. But from one main branch there was no word—the Singer Nahmaschinen Aktiengesellschaft, which up to the second World War ran three plants, one of which, at Wittenberge, on the eastern bank of the Elbe and now in the Russian Zone, used to produce 200,000 Singers a year.

Immediately after the war, Robert Stewart, a Singer executive, entered Germany as a member of the Technical Industrial Intelligence Commission and tried to find out what had happened to Singer's property. Two of the plants, though damaged, were repairable and are operating today. But the Russians would supply no information about the Wittenberge plant. Later, however, from a German superintendent who had worked there during the war and had escaped by rowing himself across the Elbe one night, Singer learned that every scrap of machinery had been removed. Probably it was removed to Poland to augment Russia's earlier acquisition of Singer property after the Revolution.

This being the year 102 of the Singer Story, the company is quite prepared to learn at any moment that the real inventor of its machine was not Isaac Singer, but some Russian prodigy.

Room 408 of the Singer Sewing Machine Company's forty-seven storey New York headquarters, the world's first skyscraper, is a museum which traces the evolution of the sewing machine since its early beginnings in the eighteenth century. The most arresting exhibit there is an oil painting of a lusty spade-bearded old man, Isaac Singer, who invented the machine which bears his name.

Today the fabulous "Singer Empire" stretches throughout the world. To establish it, agents have endured earthquakes, revolutions and sudden death. As each "territory" came under the banner of the "Red S," the Singer trademark, they moved on to new fields. Room 408 contains details of the exploits of these "Singerites" as they loaded their sewing machines on to elephants, camels, yak-drawn carts and dhows and went out to find new customers.

Misserwanji Marvanji Patell, a Parsee, is reckoned now to be one of the most ingenious salesmen who ever worked for Singer. Sewing



Every theatre depends on sewing machines for running repairs to flimsy costumes. At the Windmill, showgirls wait while "Swiss," the wardrobe mistress, finishes an urgent job

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

machines were almost unknown in India when he began retailing them in 1875. He stamped the Singer trademark on bolts of cotton which he sold below cost as loincloths. Soon he had thousands of free walking advertisements. Customers who paid their instalments on their machines before they were due were rewarded with extra shuttles. When Patell retired thirty-seven years later, an occasion which Singer marked by presenting him with a "richly embellished Silver casket of exquisite Indian design, together with a purse," he had established 200 offices in India, Burma and Ceylon, and sold 63,750 machines. Some of these offices were more imposing than those occupied by diplomatic representatives of the United States Government. A few months ago Singer forwarded to the American consul general in Calcutta a letter addressed: "Exalted Holiness of the United States of America by the backside of the Singer Sewing Machine Company."

Gandhi learned to sew his own loincloths on a Singer while in jail. He later excluded sewing machines from his famous anathema against machinery.

Probably no Singer salesman ever trod a rougher road than those who persisted in doing business as usual in Mexico during the revolution of 1911.

The late William Neal, of the Mexico City

central agency, whose records are preserved in Singer's cherished historical archives, wrote: "Delivery of machines was made on the back of an Indian. Those chaps would take a handful of corn cakes and off they would go on a three-days' trot into the mountains, sleeping on the ground at night, deliver the machine and bring back the receipt, practically for next to nothing."

The most celebrated pupil of Singer's Latin-American operations is the playwright, Eugene O'Neill. During his foot-loose youth, he tarried long enough in Buenos Aires between stints on tramp steamers to seek a job. Singer hired him as a clerk. He lasted barely two months. "The Singer people," he has explained since, "made about 575 different types of sewing machines at the time, and I was supposed to learn every detail of every one of them. I got about as far as Number Ten, I guess, before they gave me up as hopeless."

Singer's conquest of Europe was begun by an engineer, William F. Proctor, who later married one of Isaac Singer's twenty-four children, a girl oddly christened Voulettie. In 1854, three years after Isaac Singer filed his first patent, Proctor sailed for France with an assortment of models. Within ten years the company was as deeply entrenched in France as onion soup.

The most avid customers on the Continent were the Russians. At one time they bought more



A Nigerian shoemaker with his machine. Foreign sales soared under Singer's fifth president, Alexander



George McKenzie, the thrifty Scot who headed Singer's and built its two factories near Glasgow

Singers than any other people in the world, Americans included. For several years the annual figure topped 500,000. The sales wizard who opened up that flourishing market was George Neidlinger, a water boy in Singer's New York factory at the outset of his career.

He won the endorsement of Czar Alexander III and his general staff when he organized a battery of Singers to sew 250,000 tents for the Imperial Army. By 1900 the Kompanija Singer occupied an office building in St. Petersburg as roomy as the Czar's palace. Singer was one of the first American corporations on the Russian scene. Presently, it constructed a factory in Podolsk and leased 135,000 acres of forest nearby for wood from which to manufacture crates and cabinets, thus obviating the need to export its products to Russia.

A diligent Singer user was Ekaterina Djugashvili, of Gori, near Tiflis, a poor widow who took in sewing and washing in order to send her son, Soso, to the Tiflis Theological Seminary. Soso Djugashvili is better known today as Stalin.

Russian Factory Seized

In 1918 the Council of People's Commissars "nationalised" all Singer's Russian property. Its American personnel had already fled the country, and scores of its Russian executives had been shot or exiled to Siberia. The seizure lopped a 115,000,000 dollar chunk off the corporation's assets. Yet such was the diversity of Singer's holdings elsewhere that its 1918 balance sheet showed a net income of almost six million dollars.

Isaac Singer died near Torquay in 1875, and his partner, Edward Clark, thus became eligible for the presidency. At sixty-five, Clark was a man crushed by family tragedy. Through illness he had lost his wife and two of his three sons. Overwork had impaired his own health. But in the short span remaining to him he won for Singer, frequently by making spectacular financial gambits, unchallengeable leadership.

When he died in 1882 he was succeeded by a dour Scot who had grown grey in Singer's service, sixty-two year old vice-president and director George Ross McKenzie. No Singerite, his fellow directors agreed, merited promotion more. For in the days of the company's puny infancy McKenzie had twice saved it from extinction. He was then a cabinet maker. One day Isaac Singer passed his workbench, face shrouded in gloom. "How's business, sir?" McKenzie inquired.

"Terrible," said Singer. "We're about to go under."

"Whatever for?"

"For lack of 5,000 dollars."

"I'll just be back," said McKenzie, disappearing briefly. When he returned, he calmly handed Singer the entire sum. Half of it, the dumb-founded partners managed to drag out of him, came from a bank which lent it to him, presumably, on the strength of his honest Gaelic face, for he had no other security. The rest was his life savings.

Threatened With Horsewhip

Not long after, another crisis beset Singer and Clark. They had tied up so much capital in machinery that they could not meet their pay roll. McKenzie, now a foreman, rallied the workers. "Men," said he, "I intend to draw only three days' pay this week, and let the balance lie until our ship comes in. Who will do likewise?"

They grumbled a good deal, but in the end the majority voted aye. The vote, McKenzie then slyly insisted, was binding upon everybody. At this the minority threatened to horsewhip him and, until regular paydays were restored, he went to work accompanied by bodyguards.

McKenzie grew up in the Scots village of Kingussie, on the River Spey. When he was fourteen, his father died penniless, forcing him to leave school and support his mother. He drove cattle to market for the local farmers and



The testing room at Singer's Clydebank factory.

sold them on commission. An unbeatable trader, he usually got higher prices than the farmers could. By subsisting on oatmeal bannocks and sleeping in the heather during these expeditions, he accumulated enough money to buy a small general store. At twenty he owned two. His thrift was legendary, even for a Scot. When a friend once offered him a cigar, he declined, adding: "Put your money in the bank, mon."

Left Heart In Highlands

McKenzie might have stayed in Kingussie for ever but for his religious scruples. A rock-ribbed Calvinist, he viewed church organs as inventions of the devil. When the elders of his own kirk bought one, he declared: "Install that kist o' whistles and I clear oot." They did and he went, emigrating to America.

But he left his heart in the Highlands. When, with the wealth of his old age, he acquired properties in New Jersey, and New York, he named them after the scenes of his boyhood—an apartment house in Jersey City, "Kingussie"; a 3,000-acre domain in upstate New York, "Glen Spey." For the original Kingussie he built a library, a parish manse and a new kirk—without an organ—and every Christmas he sent enough money there to regale every soul in the place.

McKenzie's devotion to sewing machines was obsessive. He so disliked taking time away from them that for years he lunched on a sandwich at his workbench or office desk. He was primarily a technician. To his delight, this presently brought him numerous opportunities to work for Singer in Scotland. For Clark had convinced his fellow directors that the company must have foreign factories, and in 1867 McKenzie was delegated to supervise the construction of the first one in a suburb of Glasgow. Later he laid the cornerstone of a second one in Clydebank. This is still Singer's largest single property.

With McKenzie's retirement from the presidency the musical motif sounded anew behind the scenes. The man responsible was Director Alfred Corning Clark, Edward's sole surviving son, and the heir to almost half the shares of



Each girl has two machines, on a swivel table, to speed up inspection



Singer's new electric portable. Once, the machines were driven by water

Singer stock. Business bored him stiff, however—an outstanding case of divergence from the paternal precedent. His passion was the arts—above all, music. His own tenor voice, which he exercised only among intimate friends, was reputed to be first-rate.

But if Alfred Clark took little interest in business, he had an instinct for spotting bright youngsters who did, and perhaps his most useful function as a Singer director was introducing fresh blood into the firm. One of his discoveries was Frederick Gilbert Bourne, who, at thirty-two, was an underpaid clerk in the Mercantile Library and, like Clark, the possessor of a pleasing tenor voice. He sang on Sundays with the choir of Old Trinity Church, of which Clark was a trustee; and, upon hearing him for the first time, Clark was captivated.

Bourne's views so agreeably impressed Clark that he recommended him to Singer as a future executive. Bourne's starting position was that of stenographer; but under Clark's aegis he rose rapidly to secretary, vice-president and finally president. On the way up he amassed a fortune of 25,000,000 dollars.

His presidency covered the years of Singer's greatest foreign expansion. A rash of new Singer agencies broke out on five continents. Bourne watched sales soar to a peak of 1,000,000 a year. A potent stimulus was his publicity touch. He flooded the world with free tape measures bearing Singer's Red S trademark, whistles, calendars, picture cards. By luck or design, the machines themselves kept popping up at the scene of historic events. Captain Scott took a Singer with him on his Antarctic exploration of 1902. In 1905, Orville and Wilbur Wright borrowed their mother's Singer to sew the fabric for the wings of their Kitty Hawk.

Power From Kitchen Tap

For decades inventors had been frantically experimenting with methods of motorizing sewing machines. The quaint Colton water motor, for example, utilized the pressure from a household tap to drive a tiny enclosed water wheel which

powered the sewing machine. Unfortunately, in using this source of power, the seamstress would be pretty much confined to the kitchen or bathroom. Singer's chief engineer, Philip Diehl, tried electricity. Five years later Singer attached Diehl motors to some of its treadle machines. Not many private homes were electrified, though, and it was another twenty-five years before the company mass-produced electric machines.

Bourne retired in his fifty-fourth year in order to have more leisure for singing, yachting and philanthropy, but he continued to serve as a director until his death in 1919.

New Chief From Halifax

Singer's fifth president, Douglas—later Sir Douglas—Alexander, a magnate whose grandeur of manner was second only to Bourne's, entered the company the same way as Bourne did. Alfred Clark heard him sing.

Alexander came from Halifax, Yorkshire, the sixth of twelve children born to a Scottish botany teacher. Under the delusion that Canadian farmland could be bought cheaply from the government and easily cultivated, the family sailed steerage in 1864, settling near Hamilton, Ontario. Finding the government land unfertile, the senior Alexander got a post in the customs service. Between stretches of school, young Douglas clerked in a law office. He taught himself shorthand by jotting down Sunday sermons in church. After graduation from Hamilton Collegiate Institute, he studied law himself, passed the Ontario bar examinations, practised briefly around Hamilton, and in 1886 headed for what he hoped would be greener pastures in New York.

Too straitened to afford the tram fare from his Brooklyn boarding house to Manhattan, he walked twice a day across Brooklyn Bridge. The experience may have "fixated" him, as the psychologists say, on bridges, because in his subsequent round-the-world travels for Singer he could never see a bridge without wanting to photograph it.

For relaxation Alexander, a baritone, sang

with the Mendelssohn Glee Club, another cultural group which enjoyed the patronage of Alfred Clark. Alexander's first performance in his presence—he sang "Evening Star" from *Tannhäuser*—did not precisely ravish Clark's ears. "I have heard that passage sung many times," Clark observed, "but never worse." Later he revised this verdict, conceding that Alexander could sing "like an angel."

Before long, Clark was urging his protégé to drop the law and plan his future with Singer. Alexander hesitated. He had seriously contemplated grand opera as a career. Clark ended this ambition by one simple remark: "Think of your legs in tights, Douglas."

Alexander's association with Singer lasted fifty-eight years. He began as secretary to the president. Bourne and Clark between them groomed him for advancement, and within five years he was sitting on the board of directors. Bourne advised him to learn foreign languages and, by way of enhancing his already statuesque dignity, to grow a beard. Alexander dutifully grew a Vandyke and learned four foreign languages.

Factories Made Shells

By the time Bourne retired, most Singerites thought that sales had reached saturation point. Through still more elaborate promotional campaigns, among other tactics, Alexander tripled them. Then came the first World War, and Singer's international network started to unravel. Clydebank turned to the production of artillery shells and found itself pitted against its sister factories in Germany.

It took Alexander until 1923 to reassemble Singer's shattered empire. He gradually revived its world market by pushing distribution ever farther afield—the Philippines, China, the Middle East. Whenever he felt that an experimental model had lingered long enough in the engineering department, he would say, "Let's try it in Timbuktu."

Though Singer sales never again hit the 3,000,000-a-year mark, they were soon teetering

comfortably, as they still are, between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000. But Alexander was an incurable financial hypochondriac. When the corporation was netting 10,000,000 dollars or more, he would darkly hint: "We are living from day to day." Many a stockholder came away from annual meetings with the impression that Singer faced immediate, utter ruin.

In keeping the foreign branches on their toes, Alexander preferred personal discussions to telephoning or writing. He would as soon tear off to Tangier or Smyrna as cross Broadway. Upon members of the foreign staffs his arrival, frequently unheralded, had the numbing effect of

a royal visitation. Alexander had never relinquished his British nationality, and in recognition of the Clydebank factory's war effort King George V created him a baronet. For his escutcheon he chose devices symbolic of his perpetual globe-trotting — three ships with furled sails and sweeping oars.

When voyaging, Sir Douglas invariably packed a camera. Next to bridges, his favourite photographic subject was himself taken by others. From all over the world the home office would receive snapshots of the president.

With America's entry into the second World War, Singer stopped

making all sewing machines except the heavy industrial types needed for stitching military equipment like parachutes, Navy awnings and uniforms. Otherwise its American plants retooled completely and produced more than fifty different weapons. Its net income averaged 13,000,000 dollars during the war years. At the same time the damage to its foreign properties was severe. On two nights, in March, 1941, the Luftwaffe flattened eleven of its Clydebank units and crippled twenty others.

Sir Douglas tackled postwar reconstruction with a vigour undimmed despite his eighty years. When not

investigating conditions overseas, he travelled daily to the Singer Building from Edgehill, his rambling old house in Stamford, Connecticut. A widower since 1923, he lived there with an unmarried son, Douglas Hamilton, who is now secretary of Singer.

At least once a year Sir Douglas re-read Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, *Vanity Fair*, and *The Three Musketeers* — in French. His singing voice retained its resonance to the end. For the private enjoyment of his friends he recorded an album of *Lieder* entitled "Songs Sung by Sir Douglas Alexander, Bart." He died on May 22, 1949. THE END

HORNBLOWER THE GAMBLER

Continued from page 9

Bush's greatcoat for him to put on. There was that in Jenkins's manner which told Bush that gentlemen when helped into their coats at the Long Rooms presented Jenkins with a shilling. Bush decided at first that he would be eternally damned before he parted with a shilling, and then he changed his mind. Maybe Hornblower would give Jenkins a shilling if he did not. He felt in his pocket and handed the coin over.

"Thank you, sir," said Jenkins.

With Jenkins out of earshot again Bush lingered, wondering how to frame his question. "That was hard luck on young Wellard," he said, tentatively.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"D'you think," went on Bush, plunging desperately, "he had anything to do with the captain's falling down the hatchway?"

"I couldn't give an opinion," answered Hornblower. "I didn't know enough about it."

"But . . ." began Bush, and checked himself again; he knew by the look on Hornblower's face that it was no use asking further questions.

The Marquis had come into the room and was looking round in unobtrusive inspection. Bush saw him take note of the several men who were not playing, and of Hornblower standing in idle gossip by the door. Bush saw the meaning glance which he directed at Hornblower, and fell into sudden panic.

"Goodbye," he said, hastily.

The black north-east wind that greeted him in the street was no more cruel than the rest of the world.

It was a short, hard-faced woman who opened the door in reply to Bush's knock, and she looked at Bush even harder when he asked for Lieutenant Hornblower.

"Top of the house," she said, at last, and left Bush to find his way up.

There could be no doubt about Hornblower's pleasure at seeing him. His face was lit with a smile and he drew Bush into the room while shaking his hand. It was an attic, with a steeply sloping ceiling; it contained a bed and a night table and a single wooden chair, but, as far as Bush's cursory glance could discover, nothing else at all.

"And how is it with you?" asked Bush, seating himself in the proffered chair, while Hornblower sat on the bed.

"Well enough," replied Hornblower—but was there, or was there not, a guilty pause before that answer? In any case the pause was covered up by the quick counter-question. "And with you?"

"So-so," said Bush.

They talked indifferently for a

space, with Hornblower asking questions about the Chichester cottage that Bush lived in with his sisters.

"We must see about your bed for tonight," said Hornblower at the first pause. "I'll go down and give Mrs. Mason a hail."

"I'd better come, too," said Bush.

Mrs. Mason lived in a hard world, quite obviously; she turned the proposition over in her mind for several seconds before she agreed to it. "A shilling for the bed," she said. "Can't wash sheets for less than that with soap as it is."

"Very good," said Bush.

He saw Mrs. Mason's hand held out. Hornblower dived for his pocket, but Bush was too quick for him.

"And I expect you'll be talking till all hours," said Mrs. Mason. "Mind you don't disturb my other gentlemen. And douse the light while you talk, too, or you'll be burning a shilling's worth of tallow."

"Of course," said Hornblower.

"Maria! Maria!" called Mrs. Mason.

A young woman came up the stairs from the depths of the house at the call.

"Yes, Mother?"

Maria listened to Mrs. Mason's instructions for making up a truckle bed in Mr. Hornblower's room.

"Yes, Mother," she said.

"Not teaching today, Maria?" asked Hornblower pleasantly.

"No, sir." The smile that lit her plain face showed her keen pleasure at being addressed.

"Oak Apple Day? No, not yet. It's not the King's Birthday. Then why this holiday?"

"Mumps, sir," said Maria. "They all have mumps, except Johnnie Bristow."

"That agrees with everything I've



heard about Johnnie Bristow," said Hornblower.

"Yes, sir," said Maria. She smiled again, clearly pleased not only that Hornblower should jest with her but also because he remembered what she had told him about the school.

BACK in the attic again Hornblower and Bush resumed their conversation, this time on a more serious plane. The state of Europe occupied their attention.

"This man Bonaparte," said Bush. "He's a restless cove."

"That's the right word for him," agreed Hornblower. "The *Morning Chronicle* says there's talk that he's going to call himself Emperor."

"I suppose he's mad?" asked Bush.

"If he is, he's the most dangerous madman in Europe."

"I don't trust him over this Malta business. I don't trust him an inch," said Bush, emphatically. "You mark my words, we'll have to fight him again in the end. Teach him a lesson he won't forget."

"I think you're quite right," said Hornblower. "And sooner rather than later."

"Then—" said Bush. He could not talk and think at the same time, not when his thoughts were as tumultuous as the ones this conclusion called up; war with France meant the re-expansion of the Navy; the threat of invasion and the need for convoys would mean the commissioning of every small craft that could float and carry a gun. It would mean the end of half-pay for him; it would mean walking a deck again and handling a ship under sail. And it would mean hardship again, danger, anxiety, monotony—all the concomitants of war.

"War's a foul business," said

Hornblower, solemnly. "Remember the things you've seen."

"I suppose you're right," said Bush. But it was an unexpected remark, all the same. Hornblower grinned and relieved the tension.

"Well," he said, "Boney can call himself Emperor if he likes. I have to earn my half guinea at the Long Rooms."

Bush was about to take this opportunity to ask Hornblower how he was profiting there, but he was interrupted by a rumble outside the door and a knock.

"Here comes your bed," said Hornblower, walking over to open the door.

Maria came trundling the thing in. Hornblower took one end.

"Oh no, sir," the girl said. "Please sir, I can do it."

The attention fluttered her—and Bush could see that she was embarrassed at being fluttered. To cover her confusion she began to thump at the bedding. "Are you going out directly, sir?"

"Yes. I ought to have left already."

"Let me take that coat of yours for a minute, sir. I can sponge it and freshen it up."

"Oh, I wouldn't have you go to that trouble, Maria."

"It wouldn't be any trouble, sir. Of course not. Please let me, sir. It looks—"

"It looks the worse for wear," said Hornblower, glancing down at it. "There's no cure for old age that's yet been discovered."

"Please let me take it, sir. There's some spirits of hartshorn downstairs. It will make quite a difference. Really it will."

"But—"

"Oh, please, sir."

Hornblower reluctantly put up his hand and undid a button.

"I'll only be a minute with it," said Maria, hastening to him. Her hands were extended to the other buttons, but a sweep of Hornblower's quick, nervous fingers had anticipated her. He pulled off his coat and she took it out of his hands.

"You've mended that shirt yourself," she said, accusingly.

"Yes, I have."

Hornblower was a little embarrassed at the revelation of the worn garment. Maria studied the patch.

"I would have done that for you if you'd asked me, sir."

"And a good deal better, no doubt."

"Oh, I wasn't saying that. But it isn't fit that you should patch your own shirts."

"Whose should I patch, then?"

Maria giggled. "You're too quick with your tongue for me," she said.

"Now, just wait here and talk to the lieutenant while I sponge this."

She darted out of the room and

The happiest family expression -
'Take home some Wall's Ice Cream!'



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they heard her footsteps hurrying down the stairs, while Hornblower looked half ruefully at Bush.

"There's a strange pleasure," he said, "in knowing that there's a human being who cares whether I'm alive or dead. Why that should give pleasure is a question to be debated by the philosophic mind."

"I suppose so," said Bush. He had sisters who devoted all their attention to him whenever it was possible, and he was used to it. At home he took their ministrations for granted.

He heard the church clock strike the half hour; it recalled his thoughts to the further business of the day.

"You're going to the Long Rooms now?" he asked.

"Yes. And you, I suppose, want to go to the dockyard? The monthly visit to the Clerk of the Cheque?"

"Yes."

"We can walk together as far as the Rooms, if you care to. As soon as our friend Maria returns my coat to me."

"That's what I was thinking," said Bush.

It was not long before Maria came knocking at the door again.

"It's done," she said, holding out the coat. "It's nice and fresh now. Here, put it on, and out with you, sir." She seemed in a strange hurry for Hornblower to scramble into his coat.

Walking along Highbury Street, Bush asked the question he had in mind for some time, regarding whether Hornblower had experienced good fortune lately at the Rooms. Hornblower looked at him oddly.

"Not as good as it might be," he said.

"Bad?"

"Bad enough. In the long run the chances right themselves mathematically. But the periods when they are unbalanced in the wrong direction can be distressing."

"I see," said Bush. He knew Hornblower well enough to know that when he talked in an airy fashion, as he was doing now, he was more anxious than he cared to admit.

They had reached the Long Rooms, and paused at the door.

"You'll call in for me on your way back?" asked Hornblower. "There's an eating house in Broad Street with a fourpenny ordinary. Sixpence with pudding. Would you care to try it?"

"Yes, indeed. Thank you. Good luck," said Bush, and he paused before continuing. "Be careful."

"I shall be careful," said Hornblower, and went in through the door.

WHEN Bush had collected his pay, he made his way back to the Long Rooms. Hornblower was at a table near the corner and looked up to smile at him, the candle-light illuminating his face. Bush found himself the latest *Naval Chronicle* and settled himself to read it. Beside him a group of Army and Navy officers argued in low tones regarding the difficulties of living in the same world as Bonaparte.

"Mark my words," said one of them, thumping his hand with his fist, "we'll be at war with him again soon enough."

There was a murmur of agreement.

"It'll be war to the knife," supplemented another. "If once he drives us to extremity, we shall never rest until Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte is hanging to the nearest tree."

The others agreed to that loudly.

"Gentlemen," said one of the players at Hornblower's table, looking round over his shoulder. "Could

you find it convenient to continue your discussion at the far end of the room? This end is dedicated to the most scientific and difficult of all games."

The words were uttered in a pleasant, high tenor, but it was obvious that the speaker had every expectation of being instantly obeyed.

"Very good, my Lord," said one of the naval officers.

That made Bush look more closely, and he recognized the speaker, although it was six years since he had seen him last. It was Admiral Lord Parry, who had been made a lord after Camperdown; now he was

itself and then lengthened again, and then the hand was finished and the cards swept together.

"Small slam," said Parry, as the players attended to their markers, and that was all that was said. Hornblower cut the cards and the next deal began in the same mystic silence.

BUSH could not see the fascination of it. He preferred a game in which he could roar at his losses and exult over his winnings; and preferably one in which the turn of a single card, and not of the whole fifty-two, would decide who had won and who had lost.

"A short rubber," commented

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

EVERY Friday the local dressmaker, Miss Gilbert, was employed to come to our home and make for me any costume I wanted. One Friday I fancied myself as a cowboy, and the photograph shows the result. My uncle had brought back some Indian moccasins from America, and I'm wearing those on my feet: the rest is Miss Gilbert's.

As you can gather from this, I was one of the most pampered children ever born. The reason was that I had convulsions when I was a baby and the doctor said I was never to be allowed to cry. I had dotting parents, and from then on my every wish was granted.

I insisted on being rocked to sleep in a blanket, I would eat only the food I specially liked, and my favourite pastime was being popped into the bath with all my clothes on. I had only to hold my breath and look as if I was going to cry, and the whole household did my bidding. But when I demanded to be put into the bath with one of my mother's dresses on, my mother said: "Not that; you can have convulsions first!"

Whenever a company of actors was in town I played truant and went to every single performance they gave—even if they were doing the same thing for a whole month. And then, on Friday, I insisted on being dressed just like the hero. My mother had a really wonderful



collection of Shakespearian costumes, and I would sit for hours dressed in Portia's robes, murmuring the lines.

I decided very early that I must go on the stage. At first, I wanted to be an actor, but that was before I saw my first dancer. From then on, I insisted I was going to be a dancer.

My father, a wool expert, drew the line at this. But I used all the tricks I had learned in a long spoiled childhood, and he went off to Melbourne—we lived in Adelaide—without saying any more. When he came back, he said: "If you must be a dancer, I've found someone for you to study with," and I went joyfully off to dance.

He showed good judgment for a man who didn't like ballet dancers. My teacher was Pavlova.

Today he is a leading ballet dancer. For his name, turn to page 35

one of the Commissioners of the Navy, one of the people who could make or break a naval officer. The mop of snow-white curls that ringed the bald spot on the top of his head, his smooth, old man's face, his mild speech, accorded ill with the nickname of "old Bloodybones" which had been given him by the lower deck far back in the American War. Hornblower was moving in very high society.

Bush watched Lord Parry extend a skinny white hand and cut the cards to Hornblower. It was obvious from his colouring that Parry, like Hornblower, had not been to sea for a long time. Hornblower dealt and the game proceeded in its paralysing stillness; the cards made hardly a sound as they fell on the green cloth, and each trick was picked up and laid down almost silently, with only the slightest click. The line of tricks in front of Parry grew like a snake, silent as a snake gliding over a rock; like a snake it closed on

Parry; the silence was over, and the cards lay in disorder on the table.

"Yes, my Lord," said Hornblower.

Bush, taking note of everything with the keen observation of anxiety, saw Hornblower put his hand to his breast pocket—the pocket that he had indicated as holding his reserve—and take out a little fold of one-pound notes. When he had made his payment, Bush could see that what he returned to his pocket was only a single note.

"It is rare to see such a run of ill luck," said Parry. "And yet you play an excellent game, Mr.—Mr.—please forgive me, but your name escaped me at the moment of introduction."

"Hornblower," said Hornblower.

"Ah, yes, of course," he said. Then he frowned. "For some reason the name is familiar to me."

Bush glanced quickly at Hornblower. There never was such a perfect moment for reminding a Lord Commissioner about the fact that his

promotion to commander had not been confirmed.

"When I was a midshipman, my Lord," said Hornblower, "I was seasick while at anchor in Spithead on board the old *Justinian*. I believe the story is still told."

"That doesn't seem to be the connection I remember," answered Parry. "But we have been diverted from what I was going to say. I was about to express regret that I cannot give you your immediate revenge, although I should be most glad to have the opportunity of studying your play of the cards again."

"You are very kind, my Lord," said Hornblower, and Bush writhed—he had been writhing ever since Hornblower had failed to take advantage of a golden opportunity. This last speech had a flavour of amused bitterness that Bush feared would be evident to the Admiral. But fortunately Parry did not know Hornblower as well as Bush did.

"Most unfortunately," said Parry, "I am due to dine with Admiral Lambert."

This time the coincidence startled Hornblower into being human. "Admiral Lambert, my Lord?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"I had the honour of serving under him on the Jamaica station. This is Mr. Bush, who commanded the storming party from the *Renown* that compelled the capitulation of Santo Domingo."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Bush," said Parry, and it was only just evident that if he was glad he was not overjoyed. A commissioner might well find embarrassment at an encounter with an unemployed lieutenant with a distinguished record. Parry lost no time in turning back to Hornblower.

"It was in my mind," he said, "to try to persuade Admiral Lambert to return here with me after dinner so that I could offer you your revenge. Would we find you here if we did?"

"I am most honoured, my Lord," said Hornblower with a bow, smiling. The Admiral could have no idea how little was in his pocket. Bush noted the uncontrollable flutter of his fingers towards his *corps de reserve*.

"Then would you be kind enough to accept a semi-engagement? On account of Admiral Lambert I can make no promise, except that I will do my best to persuade him."

"I'm dining with Mr. Bush, my Lord. But I would be the last to stand in the way."

"Very good."

Parry withdrew then, with all the dignity and pomp that might be expected of a peer, an admiral and a commissioner, and he left Hornblower grinning at Bush.

"D'you think it's time for us to dine, too?" he asked.

"I think so," said Bush.

As might almost have been expected, the eating house in Broad Street was run by a wooden-legged sailor. He had a pert son to assist him, who stood by when they sat at a scrubbed oaken table on oak benches, their feet in the sawdust, and ordered their dinner.

"Ale?" asked the boy.

"No. No ale," said Hornblower.

The pert boy's manner gave some indication of what he thought about gentlemen of the Navy who ate the fourpenny ordinary and drank nothing with it. He dumped the loaded plates in front of them; boiled mutton—not very much mutton—potatoes and carrots and parsnips and barley and a dab of pease

pudding, all swimming in pale gravy. "It keeps away hunger," said Hornblower.

It might indeed do that, but apparently Hornblower had not kept hunger away lately. He began to eat his food with elaborate unconcern, but with each mouthful his appetite increased and his restraint decreased. In an extraordinarily short time his plate was empty; he mopped it clean with his bread and ate the bread.

Bush was a little taken aback; his own plate was still half full.

Hornblower laughed nervously. "Eating alone gives one bad habits," he said—and the best proof of his embarrassment was the lameness of his explanation. He was aware of that, as soon as he had spoken, and he tried to carry it off by leaning back on his bench in a superior fashion; and to show how much at ease he was he thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat. As he did so his expression changed to one of utter consternation.

"What's the matter?" asked Bush. "What in God's name. . . ?"

HORNBLOWER slowly drew his right hand out of his pocket. He was holding a silver coin—a half-crown.

"That's nothing to take on about," said Bush, quite puzzled. "I wouldn't mind finding a half-crown in my pocket."

"It wasn't there this morning," said Hornblower, and then he smiled the old, bitter smile. "I know too well what money I have in my pockets."

"I suppose you do," agreed Bush; but even now, with his mind going back through the events of the morning, and making the obvious deductions, he could not understand quite why Hornblower should be so worried. "That wench put it there?"

"Yes. Maria," said Hornblower. "It must have been her. That's why she took my coat to sponge it."

"She's a good soul," said Bush. "Oh God!" said Hornblower. "But I can't—I can't—"

"Why not?" asked Bush, and he really thought that question unanswerable.

"No," said Hornblower. "It's—it's—I wish she hadn't done it. The poor girl—"

"'Poor girl' be blowed," said Bush. "She's only trying to do you a good turn."

Hornblower looked at him for a long time without speaking, and then he made a little hopeless gesture, as though despairing of ever making Bush see the matter from his point of view.

"You can look like that if you like," said Bush, steadily, determined to stick to his guns. "But there's no need to act as if the French had landed just because a girl slips half a crown into your pocket."

"But don't you see . . ." began Hornblower, and then he finally abandoned all attempt at explanation. "Very well," he said. "We'll make the most of it, by God!" Then he rapped on the table.

"Boy!"

"Yessir."

"We'll have a pint of wine. Let someone run and fetch it at once. A pint of wine—port wine."

"Yessir."

"And what's the pudding today?"

"Currant duff, sir."

"Good. We'll have some. Both of us. And let's have a saucer of jam to spread on it."

"Yessir."

"And we'll need cheese before our



"About your daughter, Mr. Collins—does she eat much?"

wine. Is there any cheese in the house, or must you send out for some?"

"There's some in the house, sir."

"Then put it on the table."

"Yessir."

But Hornblower's appetite had gone. He pushed away half of his huge slice of currant duff unfinished, and had only a nibble of cheese. He raised his glass, and Bush followed his example.

"To a lovely lady," said Hornblower.

They drank, and now there was an irresponsible twinkle in Hornblower's eyes that worried Bush. He decided to change the subject.

"To a fortunate evening," he said, raising his glass in his turn.

"A timely toast," said Hornblower.

"You can afford to play?" asked Bush.

"Naturally."

"You can stand another run of bad luck?"

"I can afford to lose one rubber," answered Hornblower.

"Oh."

"But on the other hand, if I win the first I can afford to lose the next two. And if I win the first and second I can afford to lose the next three. And so on."

"Oh." Bush shifted uneasily in his seat and changed the conversation again.

"They're putting the *Hastings* into commission again," he said. "Had you heard?"

"Yes. Peacetime establishment—three lieutenants, and all three selected two months back."

"I was afraid that was so."

"But our chance will come," said Hornblower. "Here's to it."

Now he was restless again. "I must be back there at the Long Rooms soon," he said. "Parry might hurry Lambert through his dinner. There's no necessity for you to come with me if you don't care to. You might find it wearisome to sit idle there."

"I wouldn't miss it for worlds," said Bush.

THE Long Rooms were full with the evening crowd. At nearly every table in the outer room there were earnest parties playing serious games, while through the curtained door that opened into the inner room came a continuous murmur that indicated that play in there was exciting and

noisy. But for Bush, standing restlessly by the fire, occasionally exchanging absentminded remarks with the people who came and went, there was only one point of interest, and that was the candle-lit table near the wall where Hornblower was playing in very exalted society.

Hornblower's companions were the two admirals and a colonel of infantry, the latter a bulky man with a face almost as red as his coat, whom Parry had brought with him along with Admiral Lambert.

Hornblower had won the first rubber, to Bush's enormous relief, although he had not been able to follow the details of the play to know that such was the case until the cards were swept up and payment made.

Then, with pleasure, he saw Hornblower tuck away some money into that breast pocket.

"It would be pleasant," said Admiral Parry, "if we could restore the old currency, would it not? If the country could dispense with these dirty notes and go back again to our good old golden guineas?"

"Indeed it would," said the Colonel.

"The longshore sharks," said Lambert, "meet every ship that comes in from abroad. Twenty-three and sixpence they offer for every guinea, so you can be sure they are worth more than that."

"Let us cut again," said Parry. "Ah, I partner you this time, Colonel. Would you care to sit opposite me? I omitted to thank you, Mr. Hornblower, for your excellent partnership."

"You are too kind, my Lord," said Hornblower, taking the chair at the Admiral's right.

The next rubber began and progressed silently to its close.

"I am glad to see that the cards have decided to be kind to you, Mr. Hornblower," said Parry, "even though our honours have reduced your winnings. Fifteen shillings, I believe?"

"Thank you," said Hornblower, taking the money.

Bush remembered what Hornblower had said about being able to afford to lose three rubbers if he won the first two.

"Damned small stakes in my opinion, my Lord," said the Colonel. "Must we play as low as this?"

"That is for the company to

decide," replied Parry. "I myself have no objection. Half a crown instead of a shilling? Let us ask Mr. Hornblower."

Bush turned to look at Hornblower with renewed anxiety.

"As you will, my Lord," said Hornblower, with the most elaborate indifference.

"Sir Richard?"

"I don't mind at all," said Lambert.

"Half a crown a trick, then," said Parry. "Waiter, fresh cards, if you please."

Bush had hurriedly to revise his estimate of the amount of losses Hornblower could endure. With the stakes nearly trebled, it would be bad if he lost a single rubber.

"You and I again, Mr. Hornblower," said Parry, observing the cut. "You wish to retain your present seat?"

"I am indifferent, my Lord."

"I am not," said Parry. "Nor am I yet so old as to decline to change my seat in accordance with the run of the cards. Our philosophers have not yet decided that it is a mere vulgar superstition."

He heaved himself out of his chair and moved opposite Hornblower, and play began again, with Bush watching more anxiously even than at the start. He watched each side in turn take the odd trick, and then three times running he saw Hornblower lay the majority of tricks in front of him.

DURING the next couple of hands Bush lost count of the score, but finally he was relieved to see only two tricks before the Colonel when the rubber ended.

"Excellent," said Parry. "A profitable rubber, Mr. Hornblower. I'm glad you decided to trump my knave of hearts. It must have been a difficult decision for you, but it was undoubtedly the right one."

"It deprived me of a lead I could well have used," said Lambert. "The opposition was indeed formidable, Colonel."

"Yes," agreed the Colonel, not quite as good-temperedly. "And twice I held hands with neither an ace nor a king, which helped the opposition to be formidable. Can you give me change, Mr. Hornblower?"

There was a five-pound note among the money that the Colonel handed over to Hornblower, and it went into the breast pocket of his coat.

"At least, Colonel," said Parry, when they cut again, "you have Mr. Hornblower as your partner this time."

Bush watched the rubber with a tight feeling in his throat.

He did not relax until he heard the Colonel say: "That was a close shave, partner." His good humour was clearly restored. "I hoped you held that queen, but I couldn't be sure."

"Fortune was with us, sir," said Hornblower.

"I lose a rubber at five pounds ten and win one at fifteen shillings," said the Colonel, receiving his winnings from Lambert. "Who'd like to increase the stakes again?"

To the credit of the two admirals they both glanced at Hornblower without replying.

"As you gentlemen wish," said Hornblower.

"In that case I'm quite agreeable," said Parry.

"Five shillings a trick, then," said the Colonel. "That makes the game worth playing."

To be concluded next week

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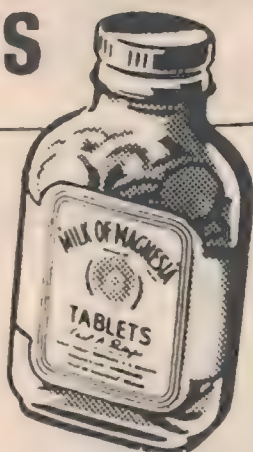
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MY SEVENTEEN MONTHS AS STALIN'S PRISONER

Continued from page 12

a drizzly morning and the asphalt was slippery, but there was no good reason for Feri to drive as slowly as he did.

It took us exactly three hours and five minutes to complete a journey that should have taken no longer than two hours and a half. If Hoyne had left Budapest when he said he would, he ought to have been right behind us. But there was no sign of him when we paused on the outskirts of Hegyeshalom at eleven forty-five.

Despite my protests, Feri stubbornly insisted on driving me the remaining distance to the frontier station. It was only a mile or so, but a light rain had begun to fall, and he would be drenched if he walked back to Hegyeshalom. As things developed, however, there was no need for my concern on Feri's behalf; he had no intention of getting wet.

The gates were down at the railway crossing between Hegyeshalom and the frontier station. As we halted, two AVO guards armed with submachine guns approached the car.

One of them asked to see my passport. Instead of examining the page on which my exit visa was stamped, he merely looked at the pages bearing my name and photograph. Nodding, he handed the passport back to me. The other guard had meanwhile raised the crossing gates. He then climbed into the front of my car with Feri, and his companion climbed in beside me in the rear.

Told To Empty Pockets

We drove up to the temporary wooden shed that housed the frontier authorities. Inside were six or eight guards, instead of the usual two or three, and half a dozen agents in civilian clothes. A major was sitting behind a desk. Pretending a calm that I did not feel, I handed the major my passport, wallet and currency-control slip. My wallet contained 2,000 dollars and varying amounts of British, Austrian, Czechoslovakian and Hungarian currency.

"Empty your pockets," said the major. One by one, I placed my possessions on his desk—my two cigarette lighters—a large one with a wind guard and a smaller one for indoor use; my gold pen-and-pencil set; and a platinum pocket watch that I had forgotten to leave behind in Vienna.

"Hold out your hands," said the major, and as I did so he felt my

wrist. "Give me your other watch," he said.

I took it off and laid it on his desk, wondering what he would make of the fact that I had been carrying two watches and two lighters. My wife's sister, who lived with us in Vienna, was always making fun of my habit of acquiring at least two of everything. My wrist watch was an inexpensive chromium affair that I wore when travelling in Russian-occupied countries; valuable watches were always being stolen. I had left my gold wrist watch in Vienna, and I only wished that I had remembered to leave my platinum pocket watch behind as well.

Papers "Not In Order"

"Take off your ring," said the major. Fortunately, I had left my only valuable ring in Vienna. The one that I had been wearing was merely my class ring from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The major put everything, including my passport, into a large brown envelope. I asked him why. He told me that my papers were not in order and that we would have to go to the Kommandatura, which was located in Hegyeshalom railway station.

The shame-faced Feri drove us over to it in my car. The station was a buff-coloured stucco building with a red tile roof. At one end was the Russian Kommandatura, and at the other end the Hungarian. The latter was full of guards, all heavily armed; the floor was covered with mud. The major delivered me and the envelope containing my possessions to a lieutenant-colonel, who told me that I would have to return to Budapest. "Why?" I asked. "Am I under arrest?"

"You'll find out in Budapest," he said.

"May I telephone the American Legation?"

"No. Please go into the next room." There a pair of guards ordered me to strip. They examined my clothing piece by piece, inspecting every seam. After removing the laces from my shoes, the guards ordered me to dress. They also kept my handkerchief and tie.

After being escorted back to the lieutenant-colonel, I asked him again, though my situation was obvious, if I was under arrest. "It won't do any good to ask questions," he said, "because I'm not permitted to answer. Please be seated and keep your hands on your knees."

He motioned to a chair in a corner. As I sat down, two guards took up positions beside me.

NEXT WEEK: How Stalin's police made me "confess"

NOW YOU KNOW

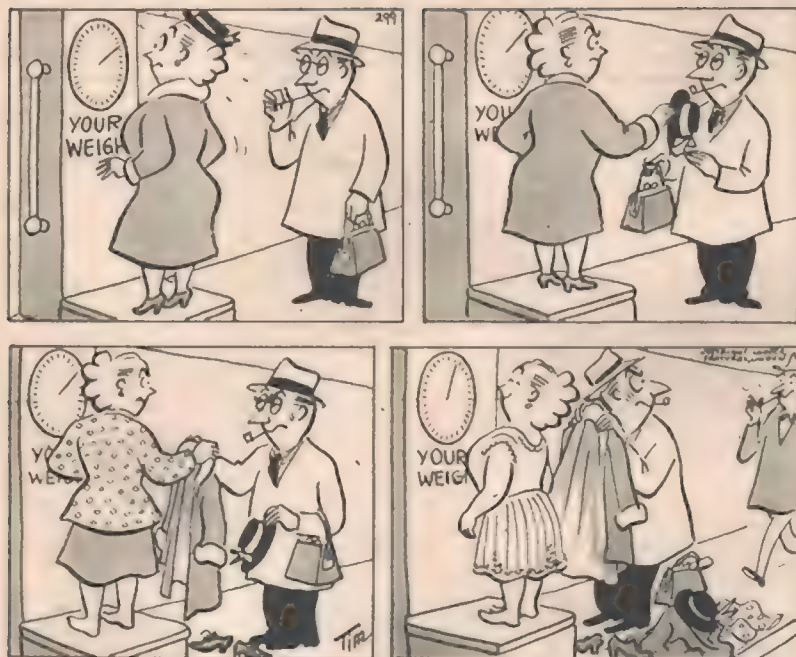
YOU may be snug around the fireside, but are your pets? Your budgerigar or canary won't be if you place its cage so high that it breathes the hot, stale air rising from the fire.

So bring the cage down to fireside level. If during a party the room gets full of tobacco smoke, put the cage in another warm, draught-free room.

Cats and dogs love a fireside sprawl, but too much of it is bad. They turn fat, and sluggish,



and get indigestion. The glare of the electric light and constant firegazing make their eyes tired and painful. And don't shirk giving the dog its daily walk—even if it is bitterly cold outside.



MY MOTHER SAID . . .

Continued from page 15

with the basket. "If she's anything like Bert, I'd rather have a full-grown lion to feed."

In the light of their earlier fears, all this was so reassuring that when they were halfway back across the heath, Charlie said disgustedly: "They don't steal kids at all, I bet."

"I bet they're not real gypsies," Louie said, "else why was that boy's name Bert?"

The children were so jubilant at disposing of the child-stealing myth for all time that they had reached the edge of the heath again before they realized that Bessie was missing.

The gypsies' trickery now became alarmingly obvious. "We'll have to turn back all the way," Maudie said, "or they'll be gone, Bessie'n all."

"Suppose they strangle her round the neck!" Sue suggested.

But Bessie was in no danger. When they got back to the encampment the caravan dwellers were certainly doing their best to get rid of her, but in no sinister fashion. They welcomed Maudie with some relief. Bessie was squatting by the fire with Bert and two others, a ginger-snap in one hand, a chicken-bone in the other.

AN uneasy calm lay over the Pontweed home that evening. A little dismayed that the children had made such unorthodox friends in the gypsy encampment, Mr. and Mrs. Pontweed were nevertheless thankful that they had a new interest to occupy them.

Reg was inclined to be scornful of his parents' attitude to the gypsies. "They don't steal children," he said. "That's all a myth." He had only lately learnt the meaning of the word, and now used it whenever he could.

"That's right," his father agreed. "It is. All the same—"

"Can we go again tomorrow, then?" Bessie asked.

"No!" The answer was prompt and collective from both parents.

"Well, if we can't go to the gypsies tomorrow," Sue said, "can we play gypsies tonight?"

"It's a nice quiet game, honestly, our mum," Maudie said. "Just making artificial flowers. They're ever so pretty."

"We-ell, if that's all it is. But don't wake Claude. He took ages to get off." Claude, the baby, detested

sleep, and was always a restraining influence in the evenings.

"We can turn the table upside down and put the cloth over the legs for a caravan," Maudie said, briskly, to make it seem practicable, simple and peaceful.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Mr. Pontweed said, with finality.

"You can sit carving pegs, our dad," Louie suggested, kindly.

"I'll sit reading my paper, and you'll go to bed."

"Yes," Maudie said. "That's right. You can sit on the steps of the caravan reading the paper—you needn't move. We'll go to bed in the caravan."

Before he knew it, Maudie had tied a scarlet and yellow scarf around his head. Mrs. Pontweed withdrew strategically to the washing-up. Charlie and Reg had taken two of their father's pipes and were squatting on the hearthrug smoking imaginary tobacco. Louie was imitating an upside-down gypsy against the sideboard, and Sue and Bessie, on the settee, were clapping "My mother said I never should play with the gypsies in the wood."

At this juncture, when Mr. Pontweed had returned to his paper and quite forgotten that he was also a gypsy, there came a prolonged ringing of the front door bell. A moment later there were voices in the hall and Mrs. Pontweed came into the sitting-room with a policeman.

Mrs. Pontweed answered her husband's unspoken plea for an explanation by saying, brightly, "It's all right, Henry. There's a child missing and the constable and his friends think we've got it."

MR. PONTWEED stood up, outraged and dignified, forgetting the silk bandana around his head. "What the devil do you think we are—gypsies?"

"I'm sorry, sir." The policeman's eyes were fascinated by Mr. Pontweed's headscarf. "There's a child missing from a caravan on the heath. The people there say he followed your children home—"

"Bert!" said Maudie.

"That's right," the constable said.

"Well, I'll be—" Mr. Pontweed had become aware of two shabby characters standing just outside the sitting-room door. They now came into the room, and Maudie recognized the men from the gypsy encampment.

"What 'ave you done with our

Bert?" the younger one asked, truculently.

Mr. Pontweed came to the boil and simmered. But before he could say anything, Maudie had an idea. She turned to Bessie. "Did you ask the little boy to come home with you?"

Bessie nodded, dumbly, for she never spoke in company.

"Where is he?" Maudie asked.

Bessie shook her head.

"We'd better look in the garden," Maudie decided.

Her parents looked at each other, helplessly, then followed the policeman and the children outside. It was quite dark now and the policeman shone his lamp into the chicken-run, disturbing Perseus, a fowl that had been long enough with the Pontweeds to graduate from oven to boiling pot. Then he illuminated the toolshed and the greenhouse, but both were empty. He turned to Mr. Pontweed again, fascinated still by the headscarf.

"You're sure he hasn't crept upstairs?"

"Look here," cried Mr. Pontweed with exasperation. "If he's here at all he's trespassing—"

"The laurel bush!" Maudie exclaimed suddenly.

They walked round to the front of the house to where a large laurel grew by the lawn. The policeman shone his lamp between the branches and there, sure enough, sitting inside the bush as comfortably and inexplicably as he had been inside the rhododendron on the heath, was Bert, Eskimo face blank and implacable, overwhelming cap back to front.

"Gidardavit!" was the expression of joy and relief used by his fond father.

WITH the departure of the policeman, the gypsies and Bert, Mr. Pontweed was left with the disquieting and humiliating feeling that he had not entirely exonerated himself in the eyes of their visitors.

"Don't worry, dear," Mrs. Pontweed said. "I don't suppose the policeman really thought we'd stolen the child for an instant."

"He didn't say that," Mr. Pontweed said, irritably. "He treated me as though I were a criminal."

"Perhaps it was your headscarf?" Sue said helpfully.

Mr. Pontweed clutched his head, then stood up and looked at himself in the overmantel.

He didn't say a word, but slowly took the scarf off, carefully folded it and put it down.

The children knew the danger signal. Unless the situation was handled with extreme delicacy, they would all be in bed in short time. Charlie and Reg replaced the pipes in the rack, Bessie became quietly absorbed in a crust she had saved from tea, Louie stood on her hands near the door and Sue retreated to the kitchen.

Just then, Maudie, who had gone out to check that the toolshed door had been relocked, burst into the house. "Dad!" she cried. "Dad! The chicken-run's open—our Perseus has gone!"

Mr. Pontweed remained behind his paper, but went rigid. He folded the paper, once, twice, three times; slowly he crumpled it into a ball, a tight ball, tossed it in the air and as it came down—he punched it.

Mrs. Pontweed bit her lip. "Don't forget Claude, Henry. . . ."

The children were already on the stairs when the explosion came. And by the time the explosion had subsided, Claude, the baby, was furiously and evocatively and—if he had anything to do with it—permanently awake.

THE END

I LOVED A WICKED CITY

Continued from page 17

the stock in the city: an operating table, instrument tables for the theatre, large quantities of bandages, operating room gowns, masks, caps, gloves and instruments.

By autumn, we were fairly well equipped. And the news had spread, by word of mouth, among the people of the city and the surrounding villages: the Mosse Memorial Hospital was on the job again.

The years of fighting had brought the wolves down from the hills and out of the wild north. When man fights man, he has no time to hunt the wolf; when man fights man, he leaves his dead upon the battlefield and the wolf comes to scavenge. Soon the wolf becomes bolder and tries to feed on weak living as well as the helpless dead.

Attacked By Wolf

One September day in 1948, Kang Yu Chao, a twenty-year-old youth from Honan, was brought to the outpatients' department by a Tatung policeman. A boy nurse called me down to see Kang. I saw at once that almost the whole of his right calf had been torn away and that the lad was suffering from exposure and partial starvation. "Kau wo ti twei chen shi laio pu te," he whimpered. ("Look at my leg; it is indeed very bad.") I asked him what had happened.

"I was attacked by a wolf in the night when I was asleep by the side of the road." He told me some of his personal history. Wounded when a batman in Chiang Kai-shek's army, he had later been pressed into service by the Japanese as a coalminer. He found the work too arduous and ran away. Since then, he had existed by begging.

The policeman, a small man who didn't look to be in good health himself, said: "We brought him to the hospital because no one else will help him. What can you do?"

I felt a great pity for young Kang, thinned by hunger, with a scarred, lop-sided face, but in China one had to be cautious. If he were to die in the hospital under our care we took the chance of being sued by a relative—unless, that is, we could lodge responsibility elsewhere. I said to the policeman, "Could the police be responsible for him in case he dies?" He agreed.

As he left, he said to the boy, "These doctors are good to you and you must be obedient. I will sign for you so that you have to be careful for my name. I will come and see you occasionally."

The "Magic" Circle

We had many small children brought in from the villages in the neighbouring hills suffering from wolf bites. Most of them were shepherd boys who had been attacked while tending their flocks, but some were children playing near their own homes. As the wolf menace became greater, I noticed that more and more farm out-buildings had large, whitewashed circles painted on the walls. I asked a farmer what they were for.

"Oh," he said, "it is so the wolves will think they are entrances into the building and will bump their heads against the wall and go away and leave us in peace." He said this in complete, naïve confidence that the deception would work.

In the meantime, the civil war between the Kuomintang and the

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by Commander Studd, Chairman of Poly World Travel Service

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Communists had been going on. Rumours flew of advancing Communist armies, but nobody in Tatung gave much heed to them. We were so safe, so far away.

However, one Saturday morning a group of Kuomintang officers called at the hospital. "We regret," said their spokesmen, "that we shall need the hospital premises for a line of defence." And, the same day, Francis Li sent me a note which read: "I advise you to send into the city all stores and equipment not needed for immediate use." Suddenly, fear spread through the city.

City Of Panic

By that afternoon, patients, escorted by anxious relatives, began to stream out of the hospital. That day the railway to Peking was cut off by Communist armies. Miss Preece and Miss Porter, two New Zealand nurses who had recently joined the staff, began packing their belongings. I hurried into the city to arrange accommodation for our staff. The feeling of anxiety, the threat of danger, were all too familiar. Although I tried not to show it, I was afraid.

Mr. Tung, of our office staff, went foraging for transport. Most of the people in the northern suburb had begun to move into the city. The road was choked with carts, wheelbarrows, motor lorries. The babel was frightening: high-pitched voices, whips cracking, un-oiled cartwheels squealing, staccato hooting of horns and, at last, the menacing rumble of gunfire in the distance. The odour of sweat from frightened animals and frightened men was everywhere. Presently Mr. Tung returned triumphant. He had managed to collect ten carts.

That night, a message came from the general in command of the city. "All foreigners and others in the hospital must hurry into the city. It is surrounded and we are defending it. You cannot expect help outside the city walls." We moved in.

Tell-tale Scars

The attack did not come. Instead of driving upon us, the Communists by-passed the city, leaving occupying troops in the surrounding villages. We moved back into the hospital, back to our duties. But we knew that the Communists were there, watching, biding their time.

One day, Mr. Wang, a merchant, came to the hospital. He had a prominent wart on his forehead and a small scar on his left cheek. "Please, doctor," he said to Philip Li, "will you operate for me and take this wart away? It is very painful. And can you do anything to obliterate this scar on my face?"

"Neither of these sicknesses is of any great consequence," the superintendent protested. "I do not think you need an operation."

But Mr. Wang insisted and the two minor operations were performed. It wasn't until then that the merchant, looking at the ground to signify his humility, said: "You see, it is not that I am vain and wish to appear better-looking than I am; but my heart was frightened. Some time ago I was a prisoner of the Communists and I was afraid they would recognize me by my wart and my scar and that I would again be arrested."

When, in the spring of 1949, the Communists went on the offensive again, it became apparent that Tatung's days were numbered. But this time we decided not to take refuge in the city.

Towards the end of the month, we

knew the attack was close at hand. All roads were being guarded by the Communists. A village just beyond the suburb had been attacked and the wounded had been brought into the hospital.

On April 28, 300,000 Communist troops entered the northern suburb. It was quite clear that Tatung could not withstand such an armed host.

The following day was my birthday. In our naked isolation outside the city wall any excuse for a party was welcome. Kathleen Porter made me a chocolate cake. Early that morning I was awakened to the sound of "Happy birthday, dear Mary, happy birthday to you," in her sweet, clear soprano.

I dressed, attended Communion, then went on my round of the wards. Later the boy nurses gave me a basket of fifty eggs and the girls gave me a tray, also filled with eggs. Each was wrapped in a piece of scarlet paper on which was written, "We hope you live a thousand years." I was touched.

A Hasty Welcome

I invited the entire staff to tea that afternoon. In the midst of the party, cook came running. "The gate to the north in the old wall is opened," he piped, "and soldiers are coming through." Tea forgotten, we streamed out to the hospital gate. I saw groups of civilians hastily pasting trees with posters of welcome. Painters were writing on the walls of the hospital compound: "Welcome to the troops of Mao Tse-tung. May he live a thousand years." That was two of us who had received the same wish that day.

I saw the first contingent of troops ride into the surrendered city. I then returned to the hospital and was just in time to witness a second mounted contingent of about fifty men entering the compound.

They jumped off their horses and a grim-looking man, evidently their commanding officer, said in a loud, harsh voice: "Is there anyone here named Mary Ball?"

NEXT WEEK: The Communists begin their purge of the foreign missionaries

ELIZABETH TAYLOR



WHEN she was nine, Elizabeth Taylor decided to be a film star. "People thought I looked like Vivien Leigh," she says.

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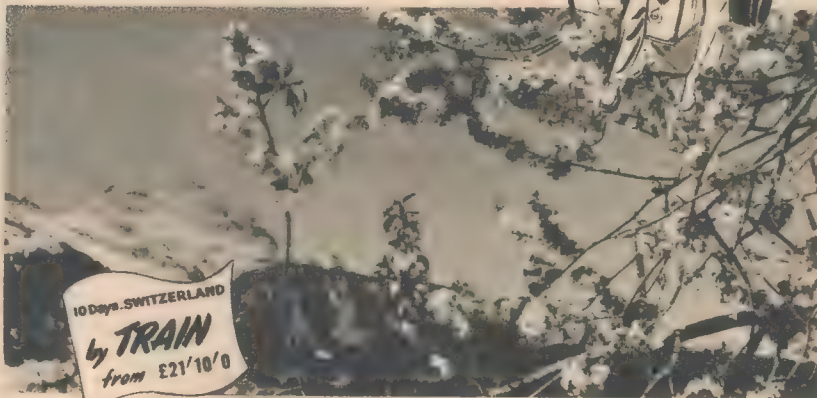


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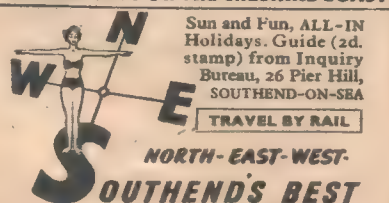
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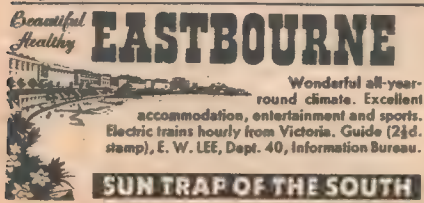
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TENDER TO MOONLIGHT

Continued from page 18

and the Herr Doktor will be able to take up residence in your cottage. I hope you had a hearty meal at mid-day, because I am afraid we have no supplies to leave you. But perhaps the police will find you."

"Kill them," said Haller. "We don't want witnesses."

"My friend loves the English very fondly, but he has little patience," said Kretchmann. "He is interested only in our journey."

"Talk will never make the engine work." The impatient Haller turned to Kretchmann as he made his protest, and that was Andrew's moment. He hurled himself forward, putting all his weight into a blow that would topple the man into the creek. But Haller was not there to receive the blow.

Before Andrew could recover his balance, something hit him with sickening force in the back of the neck. He sprawled forward helplessly and saw a boot coming up to meet his face. There was a moment of terror; then a light blazed in his head and he felt himself sinking.

He was in darkness and his body was in some peculiar and excruciating state of tension. He stirred and then gasped as he was shaken by a wave of pain.

"Andrew."

The voice came very softly from the darkness somewhere near him. "Andrew. Are you all right? Andrew."

Consciousness was making its way back slowly and uncertainly, like an insect seeking a way of escape through a window. He was lying on a bare wood floor and his hands and feet were bound, the hands behind him and tied to the rope round his ankles.

"Andrew. Are you all right?"

For a moment he lay there gasping for breath. Then he licked his lips. "I think so. Are you?"

"Yes, but I can't move."

"Where are we?"

"In the cottage by the mill. They can't get the engine to start. I think they've gone to the garage at Britsea for something. Are you sure you're all right?"

"I don't think there's anything broken. How long have they been gone?"

"About five minutes."

"Did they take the car?"

"No."

He tried to move his hands. The rope cut into his wrists, and his fingers were nowhere near the knots.

"Ruth, did they search me?"

"Yes. They wanted to see if you had a pistol."

"Did they empty all my pockets? I had a lighter."

"I don't know."

"If they didn't, it's in a ticket pocket inside the right-hand pocket of my jacket. Can you move far enough to see if it's there?"

"I'll try."

He heard her feet scraping along the floor seeking a hold. A moment or two later she rolled over against him. Her hands were by his chest.

"Hold on." With an effort, he edged backwards and then rolled over on his face. He felt her hands against his hip.

"It's there. Keep still."

There was a sudden movement and then he heard the lighter clatter on the floor.

"I've got it."

He rolled over again. A moment later the lighter clicked and he could see her lying with her back towards



"Remember, now, it won't be anything fancy; you'll just be taking pot luck"

him, the lighter held up between her fingers.

"Can you stand the lighter on the floor without putting the flame out?"

"I think so."

It was difficult for her and she burned her hands doing it, but she managed in the end. He remembered thankfully that he had filled the lighter the previous day. It burned steadily as he rolled on to his back and manoeuvred the rope about his wrists into the flame.

It took nearly half an hour and his wrists were scorched when it was done but, although he was aware of pain, it seemed to him now that his nerves no longer responded to it.

He freed his legs and then went over to tackle the knots that secured the girl's hands. She was almost free when suddenly he felt her stiffen.

"What is it?"

"Listen. They're back! They're at the car! I heard the door close."

The blood was thumping so in his head that he could hear little else. He said: "They'll make for the yawl. We'll hear them talking." He went to the window. No one was visible. The craft swam high, but the tide was past the full.

"You could have been mistaken," he said.

"I tell you I heard the car door."

"All right. Hold still now." The rope came free and he helped her to her feet. She sat down again with a groan as the circulation began to return to her limbs. Andrew went back to the window. Yawl and landing-stage were still deserted.

They went out on to the landing.

"Wait here," Andrew said. "I'll look around first."

FROM the window of the opposite room he could see the yard and the car.

"There's no one there," he said. "We'd better not waste any time. Come on downstairs."

She followed him nervously. When a stair creaked under his weight, she started and caught her breath. They went on down quickly to the plaster-strewn floor of the hall.

"Andrew!" They were close to the open doorway of the cottage when she called to him in a whisper of apprehension.

This time there could be no doubt about the noise. He heard it himself. A man coughed. Then footsteps sounded in the yard, approaching from the rear of the cottage. Andrew opened a door on his left, pushed Ruth ahead of him into the room, and closed the door again. As the man walked slowly by, he

began to whistle. He was walking towards the boat, still whistling, and now the tune became identifiable. It was the rhythmic, jiggling phrase from *Till Eulenspiegel*.

Andrew went giddy. He felt as if he had been kicked in the head again. It was old Jolly-Face—Charlie Botten's friend. He shook his head, fighting off the implications. Mr. Jolly-Face and Charlie Botten . . . it was impossible. He had known Charlie Botten for years.

Andrew forced his mind back to practicalities. "When we get to the car," he said, "climb in the back and keep down on the floor. It will be safer if that bird starts shooting." He grasped her arm and pulled her towards the door. "Come on now, quick!"

They ran for it, as softly as they could. Ruth flung herself down in the back of the car. Andrew leaped into the driving seat. They were not a moment too soon. Mr. Jolly-Face, apparently hearing something, was returning. As they watched, he entered the cottage, slowly and cautiously, his pistol raised. And then Andrew got another shock. He was reaching for the starter button when a pang of despair paralysed him. He had left the ignition key in the instrument panel. It wasn't there any longer.

"What's the matter?" the girl demanded breathlessly.

"It's no good. They've taken the key." He spoke dully, inwardly cursing himself.

"What do we do now?" Incredibly, it seemed to him, the girl still looked to him for help, and all he could do was sit there behind the

wheel in a kind of daze. He could neither think nor move. In cramped suspense he awaited release, and found it quickly in the sound of a petrol can bumping on the handlebars of a bike. He looked through the windscreen and saw Kretchmann and Haller returning across the marsh.

He crouched down along the front seat.

"Keep down," he said, "but get ready to go."

Surely, by now, Jolly-Face had discovered their flight from the room upstairs. Andrew waited, head raised so that he could just see the door of the cottage.

At last the man emerged, still holding his automatic waist high in front of him. For a moment, he paused and looked round him in a puzzled way. Then, suddenly, he turned and walked away in the direction of the sand dunes.

Andrew thought quickly. The dunes were no longer a possibility. They could not stay indefinitely in the car. There was one alternative.

"We'll try the mill," he whispered. "I'll give the word."

Kretchmann and Haller were close by now. The dull clunking sound of the full petrol tin against the bicycle grew louder and faded. Then, after a moment or two, there was the faint tinkling of a spanner on a cylinder block.

"Now," he said.

Andrew got out of the car and closed the door soundlessly. Ruth followed him. They ran to the wall of the cottage, then halted for a moment.

Haller was swinging the starting handle of the engine now. The engine fired once and then died. Andrew pressed Ruth's arm and they went stealthily round the corner and along the front of the cottage, then ran the few remaining yards to their objective. Andrew thrust his shoulder against the door, and it yielded, swinging in on creaking hinges. He pushed Ruth through the opening, followed her and closed the door slowly and quietly.

THEY waited for a few moments in the darkness, accustoming their eyes to the gloom. The grinding, metallic noise caused by the shifting sailframes was magnified enormously.

Andrew felt the girl's hand on his arm. He pressed it with a reassurance he did not feel, then got his lighter out. The flame lasted three seconds, but in that time he saw a number of great wooden bins and, at the other end of the room, steps ascending.

A new sound, distinctive, standing out against the background noises, made him wheel round. The hinges creaked. He drew Ruth closer towards him, and they both saw the door open; saw the figure of a man with an automatic in the slot of light; saw the door close again.

"The steps!" Andrew whispered. "We must climb to the next floor."

The noises of the place would cover any sound they made. He touched Ruth's hand, and she followed him, keeping close as he slowly proceeded, feeling his way cautiously, wary of obstacles. They heard no sound from the man, but they knew he was there with his automatic pistol held in front of him, guarding the door.

They reached the steps and Andrew explored them quickly with his hand.

"There's no rail," he whispered. "Be careful, and go quickly."

They reached the floor above

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without mishap and, in a few seconds, had lowered a trapdoor into position and silently moved a heavy bin on top of it. Andrew moved away to look out through a chink in one of the boards.

A moment later the sound of an engine revving up came from the yard.

Ruth raised her head. "What's that?"

"That's our car," he answered. "I think the yawl has beaten them. They're going to run away."

THE diagnosis was reasonably correct, but what happened next made Andrew rub his eyes. He took another look, then beckoned to Ruth.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'd like to know," he answered.

"Either they're mad or I am. They're taking the ballast out of the yawl and loading it into the back of the car. Pig-iron!"

She stood beside him, peering through the gap in the boards.

Suddenly, Jolly-Face came into view. He was walking down the knoll, still following the pointing muzzle of his automatic. When he was three yards from the car, he called out something that the wind blew away from Andrew, but Kretchmann and Haller heard it, and Kretchmann turned as if he had been hit by a bolt of lightning. Jolly-Face raised his pistol and aimed it at Kretchmann's head, and Kretchmann and Haller lifted their hands up and reached high.

Jolly-Face motioned sharply with his gun and shouted something. Kretchmann replied angrily.

The little man had the controlling hand only so long as he kept the pistol pointed and his finger on the trigger. He was one against two, and Kretchmann was cunning, resourceful and ruthless.

As they watched, Andrew gripped Ruth's arm tightly.

Kretchmann continued to argue. His purpose was clear. He was trying to distract Jolly-Face's attention.

Andrew ran to the trapdoor, dragged away the impeding bin and pulled up the barrier.

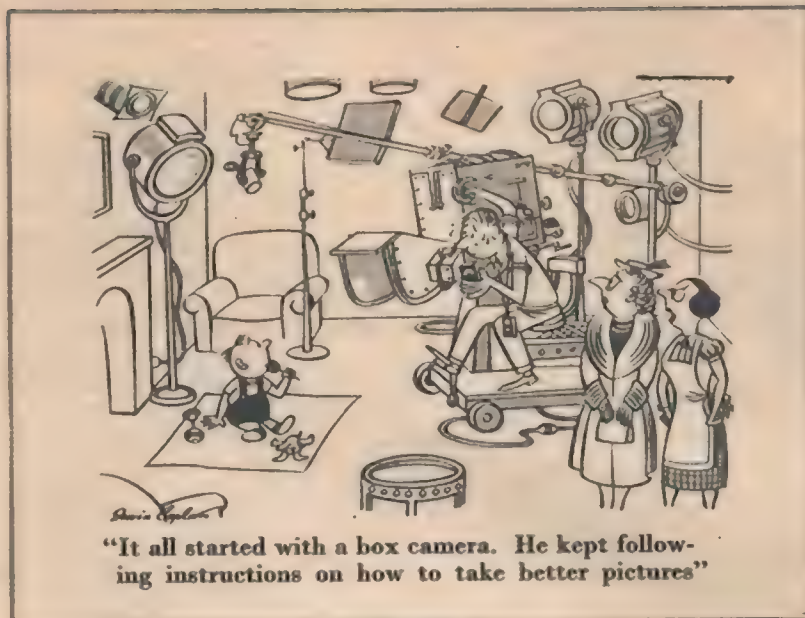
"Stay where you are!" he shouted at Ruth, and he had no thought but that she would obey him as he ran down the steps and blundered across the lower floor to the door.

As he came round the mill, Andrew knew he was too late. Haller was already in the well of the craft. Kretchmann sprang to join him, and as he landed, appeared to stumble. He waved his hands as if to keep his balance, then fell forwards. When he straightened up, his revolver was in his hand.

Running down the knoll, Andrew shouted a warning. At that moment, Kretchmann fired. Jolly-Face staggered and fell to his knees. But he was not done yet. Before Kretchmann could fire again, he sprang forward, knocking the gun out of Kretchmann's hand. The two men went down, struggling, as Andrew raced forward to pick up the gun.

But in the same instant Haller sprang from the boat and came at him with wild, slugging blows. One landed fairly, and Andrew went down, dazed and hurt, and convinced that the end would be brief and cruel.

But the end didn't come. Panting, Haller ran off towards the car. Andrew dragged himself round and lifted his hammering head to look. The man leaped in the car, started



it, and went careering across the marsh.

He could not be stopped now. Andrew picked himself up wearily. Ruth, disregarding his advice, had run down from the windmill. He found her bent over Jolly-Face. And alongside Jolly-Face was the unconscious figure of Kretchmann.

Andrew did not pause to think how the two men had defeated each other. The car, with Haller at the wheel, was now half-way to the faint smudge that was the garbage tip. Suddenly, from behind the smudge, a car appeared, and it was obvious then that there would be no room to pass on the track.

Andrew watched, fascinated. He saw a figure detach itself from the stolen car and run for it. Then there were other figures, running, giving chase. There was little choice of direction for the fugitive. He ran back towards the creek, thinking, perhaps, he might reach the dunes behind the mill. But when Andrew sped along the track to head him off, he turned across the marsh.

The end, then, was inevitable. He floundered into a deep pool, and his pursuers hauled him out, a dripping prisoner.

CHARLIE BOTTEN was panting a little as Andrew came running up. "Thank heaven you're all right," he said. "Where's Ruth? Safe, I hope?"

He took Andrew's assurance with relief.

"What about Kretchmann?"

"Over there." Andrew waved an arm towards the creek. "Don't worry. He's in no condition to run for it now."

Charlie Botten grunted his satisfaction. "I blame myself for this," he said. "I suspected last night what might happen. My friend Nimcik told me he had a clue to some lost loot. I realized then that you and Ruth were probably working on the same thing, and decided it was better to keep my big mouth shut. But today I began to get uneasy. In the end I called up Detective-Sergeant Stock." He paused. "I suppose you haven't seen anything of Nimcik?"

Andrew composed a question, but did not ask it. He knew who Nimcik was. He said: "I'm afraid it's not so good. He bought one from Kretchmann."

They went over the knoll and down to the landing stage. Jolly-Face was sitting up, with Ruth supporting him.

"He'll have to go to hospital quickly," she said. "It's his

shoulder. Not too serious, but he's losing a lot of blood."

Detective-Sergeant Stock came over the knoll in a hurry.

"What's the meaning of it all?" he demanded. "Do you know what's in the car that Haller was driving?"

Andrew, attending to Mr. Jolly-Face, looked up. "Pig-iron," he said. "They took it from the yawl. Pig-iron ballast."

"Pig-iron!" Stock exclaimed. "It's bar gold! The car's full of gold!"

Mr. Jolly-Face smiled faintly. "Gold," he said. "A hundred thousand pounds worth of gold. It is now a matter for my legation." Then he fainted.

MILAN NIMCIK, of the Yugoslav Special Investigation Bureau, said a lot about gold as, propped up in a hospital bed, he talked to his old colleague, Mr. Botten, and to his new friends.

He talked for an hour and ten minutes, without interruption, and at the end his listeners were silent. It was left to Andrew to try to summarize the story. "You mean, Kretchmann and Haller captured the loot in 1941 and shot the official Yugoslav party that was trying to hide it—and then came across the boat in Zavrana harbour and decided to hang on to the gold themselves?"

"Precisely. They merely jettisoned the normal ballast, threw in the

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

gold and covered it with tar and grease. It was safe enough. They thought they could come back for it in a few days when the war was over. They had the idea they would be in the army of occupation. It had already been spoken about. Instead, they were sent off to North Africa."

"And Kusitch got on to the story after the war because they omitted to make sure that one of the official gold-carrying party was dead?"

"That is correct. Kusitch was a clever man in some ways, a fool in others. This sworn statement came to him in the course of his duties. He did not rest until he had followed up minutely the route the Germans must have taken with the gold. It pointed plainly to Zavrana, and he was lucky enough to get a statement from a boy—a war orphan who was hiding in a boat in the bay. The boy had seen the Germans dumping the ballast. Kusitch calculated very cleverly. He traced the boat's ownership, he traced Miss Meriden—and here he had another stroke of luck. Miss Meriden visited Dubrovnik. He then followed her, to Athens and Brussels—where he was not clever enough."

"And," said Andrew, slowly, "meanwhile your people had got on to Kretchmann and Haller?"

"Yes. But not with Kusitch's help. Kusitch, I am afraid, did not keep us informed about the treasure. One can only assume he had earmarked it for himself. No, Kretchmann and Haller were merely discreetly investigated after they were reported to be making inquiries in Zavrana. Then the same boy who had made a statement to Kusitch came to us. From then on it was a simple enough matter, and I took up the case." He smiled at Andrew. "I thought myself that you knew a good deal more about it than you said. I kept my eye on you."

"You are a cunning old man," said Charlie Botten.

"A foolish old man," Nimcik smiled his broadest smile. "I should not meddle with firearms. I am not very good with them. Fortunately it all ended well. You arrived in time to help the old man out of his difficulty, and now the work is done. My legation has been informed. It will be proved to the satisfaction of the British Government that the gold belongs to Yugoslavia. I believe the idea will be to use it for trade with this country, but the whole problem is one for the higher levels. For me, I would like now to sleep if you will not think me impolite."

RUTH and Andrew went back to London in the hired car. It was very late when they reached her flat in Chelsea once more.

He said: "I suppose you'll be going back to work tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow," she answered. "I think I'll take a holiday."

"What about Mr. Hinckleigh? What about Mr. Preston Foster and the other dealers?" he pressed.

"I think they can wait," she answered thoughtfully. "When do you join that hospital?"

"I've three weeks yet," he told her. "We could, of course, get a special licence."

"And someone to repair the boat. We could fit her out and call her *Moonlight* and go cruising. Perhaps we'd find some more gold in her."

"What would we want with gold?" asked Andrew.

THE END

"Tender to Moonlight" will be published in book form in the spring by Hodder & Stoughton, price 10s. 6d.

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Burning With Curiosity
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Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions

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Gem Of A.....
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.....Of The School
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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 2, and in JOHN BULL dated February 9), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Across Clues XWORD 768

1. With which one associates certain long, sharp things
2. Old ones make young folk a bit impatient
3. It often resembles snow in a way
4. Today the mechanical ingenuity of man makes it possible for columns to be speedily this
5. May be little the worse for being chipped
6. What music-hall demands of a comedian is that he should be
7. One thinks of whip in reference to
8. Brings many things down

Down Clues

1. Trees do quite a bit to enhance the beauty of
2. These are not noted for their stability
3. Ordinary chap might never think of stroking this kind of thing
4. House in middle of wood is likely to be somewhat this
5. By November we've got used to more of these again
6. Breakfast is very often an occasion for this
7. This of past ages may attract student to specialize in history

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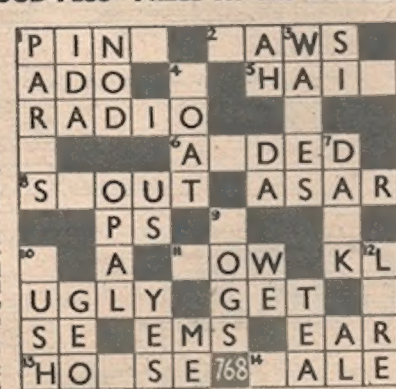
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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 26.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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No.		2s.

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Puzzle and form strictly copyright 768 Closing Postmark MON., Jan. 14

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Address.....

HAPPY CAPTIVE OF FAIRYLAND

Continued from page 13

original Peter. Cecil King says that it is his policy to allow the actress playing the lead a moderately free hand to give the part her own interpretation. He always feels uncomfortable about it, though, because he is conscious of Luff in the background, pursing his lips, shaking his head, raising despairing eyes to the roof or scowling through his monocle at the slightest deviation from tradition.

Luff remembers that Barrie's last appearance at a rehearsal concerned costumes. He had heard that Elsa Lanchester intended to wear shorts and a white silk blouse as Peter Pan. Anxious to protect his play from any such crass innovation, Barrie crept into the theatre and forbade the change. An argument followed, and the outcome was that Miss Lanchester was allowed to wear her own costume in the lagoon scene—but even then Barrie insisted that the shorts must be ragged.

Fashionable Clothes

Since the author's death, some costume changes have been necessary. During the war, Mr. Darling had to wear a bowler instead of a top hat, in line with austerity practices of other men on the Stock Exchange. In 1948 he got his top hat back. He always wears the latest cut in evening and morning suits. Mrs. Darling wears fashionable evening dress and the children have up-to-date sleeping clothes.

Barrie was forced to make one change himself. After the play's first year, children proved themselves altogether too affected by Peter's words. In the original production Peter caused Wendy and the other children to fly "just by believing." When they got home, many children began launching themselves from beds and window-sills in the justifiable conviction that they, too, could fly "just by believing." The next year, Peter made it plain that children must remain earthbound until he had sprinkled them with fairy dust. Luff says that Barrie was deeply agitated by this unexpected development.

Peter Pan's normal run is about five months, including a tour of the provinces. It is not difficult to get an outstanding actress to play Peter; most are anxious for the part at least once.

"It's an experience every actress should have," says Joan Greenwood, this year's Peter. Ten years ago, Miss Greenwood played Wendy, and this year she explodes a theatrical jinx. There was a belief in the theatre that an actress who played Wendy would never become Peter. "I wasn't happy when they asked me to play Wendy," she recalls, "because I wanted so desperately to be Peter."

Upset Sim's Son

This year's Captain Hook is George Curzon, who has played the part five times. He is, the producers think, the best since Gerald du Maurier created the terrible one-armed pirate in 1904. Luff acknowledges Curzon's excellence but is not sure he agrees with this categorical assessment of it. He thinks that Rob Harwood, the second Hook, and Alastair Sim, who played in 1941 and 1942, both challenge Curzon for this distinction. He remembers that Alastair Sim's son almost broke up the show when, at a matinée, divided loyalties made him shriek with grief. He was glad to see Captain Hook get

his just desserts, but he did not like seeing his father walk the plank.

After nineteen years as a director, Cecil King finds it no great strain to get the production ready. Three weeks of concentrated work are enough to polish it for the public. One of the principal hurdles is teaching the cast to fly, a highly technical manoeuvre which demands exact timing.

No Trouble From Luff

The character for whom he has least concern is, of course, Cecco. He knows that part will cause him no trouble. About Luff, King says: "I don't need to tell him anything. He knows more about it than I do."

Luff, a bachelor "who has been in love with hundreds of women but never married any of them," does not agree with the friends who say he allowed himself to be sidetracked by *Peter Pan*. He thinks, in retrospect, that it was inevitable. He intended to be an opera singer. But one day, on a romantic impulse, he called upon Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and obtained a part in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Later, he played with Ben Greet's company, with Wyndham, and finally with Frohman. He has acted with Constance Collier and Ellen Terry, but, whenever it looked as though he might become distinguished, *Peter Pan* cut across his horizon.

In 1923, Stewart Blackton, producer of Keystone Comedies, came to England to make a film, *The Glorious Adventure*, starring Diana Manners, now Lady Diana Duff Cooper. He was looking for a handsome, patrician character to play opposite her as Charles II. Luff applied. He remembers that Blackton asked him to put on a costume and wig and parade up and down. After a few minutes he waved his hand in dismissal. "I suppose I'm not suitable, Mr. Blackton?" Luff asked tentatively. "Suitable? Of course you are," said Blackton. "Go down to the office and discuss terms."

Stayed With Peter

There followed two more pictures for Blackton, *The Gipsy King*, in which Georges Carpentier played the juvenile lead, and *The Virgin Queen*. Then Blackton offered Hollywood contracts to Luff and another young character actor. It was then that Barrie intervened with an appeal to Luff to stay with *Peter Pan*. Luff stayed. The young character actor accepted the offer and went to Hollywood. His name was Victor MacLaglen. "Perhaps I shouldn't have let Barrie influence me," Luff says today.

Once he thought he was going to escape when, between runs of *Peter Pan*, he was touring as a star of a promising play. It was to move into the West End of London, and everyone predicted a success. But the author asked for such a big percentage of the gross takings that it closed on tour after a quarrel. When Christmas came, Luff was free once again for his old friend Peter. Some years later, when he was offered a picture rôle, he turned it down because it would conflict with *Peter*.

"By then, I was accepting the inevitable," he says. "My friends think I've been a darn fool, but I have no regrets. You can hardly say that I've been sidetracked. After all, *Peter Pan* has been my life's work."

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 24 is of Robert Helpmann when a child.

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